

R.

What kind of public do you hope to contact in the organization of this political movement?

Malcolm X.

We have already made an appeal to the students in the colleges and universities throughout the country to study the racial problem themselves and to send us their suggestions, their personal analysis and this will permit us to elaborate together a program which reflects their thoughts. We place the accent upon the youth, because the youth does not have interests acquired in this rotten system and which can see things with more objectivity, while the adults are incapable of doing it because they are already corrupted by the system.

R.

Do you think of recruiting among the Garvey groups? (These are elements who accepted the black nationalist teachings of "Back to Africa" of Marcus Garvey (1887 to 1940), founder of the Universal Negro Improvement Association.)

Malcolm X.

Among all the groups: Nationalists, Christians, Moslems, agnostics, atheists; it doesn't matter which. All the people, who really wish to solve the problem are invited to present their suggestions or give us their ideas.

R.

Will the organization be national?

Malcolm X.

National; groups of students from all the colleges in the land have written me and expressed their desire to participate in the formation of this vast united front.

R.

Which alliances do you intend to conclude? Will you accept whites in your movement?

Malcolm X.

No, whites cannot join us. Every time whites have participated in a black organization, it has been a fiasco. The whites always finished by controlling the black organizations in which they participated. If the whites want to aid us financially, we shall accept their aid, but we shall never let them participate in our organization.

R.

Then, you want an entirely black orientation?

Malcolm X.

Exactly, a black orientation.

R.

Do you intend to collaborate with the organizations for civil rights?

Malcolm X.

We shall collaborate with these organizations throughout the land and for the objectives which are not in contradiction with our political and economic ideas; in other words, black nationalism. I must state here that I have been invited to attend a meeting for civil rights in which several of these organizations assisted. This was in Chester and Gloria Richardson, Landrey, the leader of the Chicago school boycott was there in Pennsylvania, and also Dick Gregory and many others; also the Rochdale Movement. In my speech I told them that they should expand the movement for civil rights and initiate a movement for the rights of man and to internationalize it. Since the movement for civil rights and all these organizations remain within the limits of the internal United States policy, none of the independent nations of Africa has any say in the problem. But if this movement becomes a genuine movement for the rights of man in general, then these nations could carry the case of the American blacks to the United Nations, exactly as in the case of Angola or South Africa. If the movement for civil rights were enlarged in this perspective, our brothers in Africa, Asia, and Latin America could present the black problem on the order of the day of the General Assembly of the United Nations without that Uncle Sam could find therein anything to criticize. Furthermore, outside of the United Nations, we have also the aid of eight hundred million Chinese who are ready to fight and die for the rights of humanity.

R.

Do you intend to collaborate with other groups, such as syndical organizations, socialist groups or other groups of radical tendency?

Malcolm X.

We shall collaborate with all those who really want to put an end to the injustices of which the blacks have been victims in Uncle Sam's land.

R.

In your opinion, which are the perspectives of the movement for civil rights?

Malcolm X.

It has given everything which it can give. It is at the end of the rope.

R.

Certain leaders of local sections of the civil rights movement have stated that your support would be for them a valuable one, and other leaders, on the national plane, have affirmed that they would not accept any collaboration. What is your view in respect to this point?

Malcolm X.

The local leaders find themselves ordinarily in close touch with every-day life. They see things much clearer, and they understand that the collaboration of the groups is necessary to solve the problem; on the other hand, most of the local leaders are enjoying a rather great independence, and they are in closer contact with the people. In contrast, the national leaders are separated from reality. They are generally permanent and professional leaders. The local leaders must work and, therefore, know the real problems well. The national leaders, I repeat, are the leaders working full time, and the people, who pay their salaries, have, of course, a word to say in the matter. One must not forget that the people, who pay the professional black leaders, are just white liberals, and the white liberals have not the slightest sympathy for anything that a certain X recalls to mind.

TRANSLATION FROM FRENCH

Exclusive Interview with Malcolm X

by A. B. Spellman

(Continuation)

R.

What attitude have you adopted toward the Christian and Ghandist groups?

Malcolm X

Christians, Ghandists? All these tales of non-violence and of offering the other cheek are not for us. I really do not see how a revolution... (sic) I have never heard of a nonviolent revolution or of a revolution which succeeded by offering the other cheek. Therefore, I believe that it is a crime to advise someone, who is being brutalized, to support the violence committed against him without doing anything for his defense. If this is preached by the Christian and Ghandist doctrines, it is criminal, and they are then criminal doctrines.

R.

Does the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, oppose integration and mixed marriage?

Malcolm X

It is futile for us to oppose integration, because the white integrationists are doing it themselves. The proof is that everywhere the whites are for it, it does not exist. Integration does not exist anywhere. Concerning the mixed marriage, we are opposed to it like we are against all the other injustices of which our people are victims.

R.

What are the different points of your program of separation?

Malcolm X

It would be more correct to say independence than separation. This word separation no longer says a great deal.

TRANSLATED BY:

September 22, 1964

a

The thirteen colonies became separated from England, but they have made the Declaration of Independence; they did not call it the Declaration of Separation, they called it the Declaration of Independence. When you are independent of anyone, you can separate yourself. If you cannot separate yourself, this means that you are not independent. Well, what was your question?

R.

What is your program for attaining independence?

Malcolm X

When the black man of this land will wake up, when he will become intellectually an adult and when he will be capable of thinking for himself, you will see that he can only become independent and be treated as a human being by the other human beings if he possesses the same things as they and when he does the same things as they. Therefore, the first thing to do is to wake him up. Here, the Islamic religion aids him to free himself of all the vices and all the defects of this immoral society, and, on the other hand, the political, economic and social philosophy of black nationalism will give him the racial dignity and teach him only to depend on himself.

R.

Do you intend to employ mass action?

Malcolm X

Certainly.

R.

What type of action?

Malcolm X

It is better not to speak about it for the moment, but it is certain that we intend to initiate mass action.

R.

How about elections? Will the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, present its own candidates or will you vote for other candidates?

Malcolm X

In view of the fact that the present political structures only solve the continuation of the exploitation of the blacks, we shall endeavor to gather the most remarkable students, not the adult politicians who are interested in prolonging this rotten system, but the students in political sciences. We want to contact and unite all these students, utilize their suggestions and their analyses and, from their ideas, elaborate tactics which shall permit us to find the feeble spot of the politicians and of the present political structures in order to be able to change everything.

R.

If the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, participates in a manifestation under the auspices of a nonviolent organization, and if the whites respond by violence, how will your organization react?

Malcolm X

We are nonviolent in the face of nonviolence; I am nonviolent while someone else is not violent, but, if someone employs violence against me, my nonviolence does not have any more sense.

R.

Numerous leaders of other organizations have stated that they would be glad to accept your support, under the condition that you would accept their philosophy. Would you accept their cooperation under these conditions?

Malcolm X

We do not see any inconvenience to collaborate with all the groups, but, in any event, we cannot renounce our right of self-defense. We shall never let ourselves become involved in an action which forbids us to defend ourselves in the case of attack.

R.

What would be the reaction of the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, and your own reaction in a situation analogous to the one in Birmingham, Danville or Cambridge?

Malcolm X

In Birmingham, for example, if the Government had proven its incapacity or its bad will to take matters into

hand and to bring the guilty persons before the courts, then it would be up to the black, who was the victim of the injustice, to repair it, and, by doing so, he would only observe Article II. of the Constitution which says the following with respect to the right to bear arms: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The blacks have not understood as yet that they are only observing their Constitutional rights when they possess a rifle or a carbine; and when the whites, imbued with their superiority, account to themselves that they are facing blacks, who are willing to give their lives for their defense, then, these whites ~~shall~~ modify their strategy and habitual attitude.

R.

You stated that this year will be the year of the biggest violence in the history of the racial relations in the United States. Explain yourself.

Malcolm X

Yes. The blacks have enough of nonviolence. The blacks begin to comprehend that when they demonstrate for objectives which the Government itself has declared lawful, they have the law on their side. All those who then oppose them will be in an illegal position. At that moment there will be an "illegal" element which will try to prevent the blacks from claiming their rights; when the blacks will see what happens, they shall begin to retort. In 1964, the blacks will retort, for, for them, nonviolence has had its course.

R.

What is your opinion about Monroe (Monroe Defense Committee, founded by Robert F. Williams, now an exile in Cuba)?

Malcolm X

I am not so much informed about the situation in Monroe, North Carolina. I know that Robert Williams had to go into exile, simply because he tried to persuade our brothers to defend themselves against the Ku Klux Klan and other white groups. I also know that ~~My~~ Mallory was sentenced to twenty years or something like it, because she had fought for our people. All this gives you an idea what happens in a democracy

- what one calls a democracy - when the people are trying to make it work for the good.

R.

You use frequently the word revolution. Is there a revolution on march in the United States at this time?

Malcolm X

Not at the moment. A revolution is like a forest fire. It burns everything in its way. The people who make the revolution do not wish to participate in the system; they destroy the system. The German word for revolution is *Umwaelzung*, which means a complete overthrow. The black revolution, for the moment, is not a revolution, because it condemns the system and, after having it condemned, it demands to integrate the blacks. A revolution is not ~~that~~, a revolution destroys the system and replaces it by a better system. As in the case of a forest fire, the only way of stopping it is to light yourself another fire which you control and which serves you to curb and stop the other fire which escapes your control. This is what happens in America; the whites have realized that there was in the entire world a powerful fire, a black world revolution; they have seen that the fire approaches America, and, in order to stop it, they have ignited an artificial fire which is called the black revolt, and they make use of it to stop the general black revolution which is developing throughout the entire world.

R.

Can the racial problem in the United States perhaps be solved within the framework of the present economic and social system?

Malcolm X

No.

R.

Then, how can it be solved?

Malcolm X

It will be solved by itself.

R.

Can there be a revolutionary change while the hostility between the white workers' class and the black workers'

class exists? Can the blacks provoke this change by themselves?

Malcolm X

Yes. They will reach nothing with the white workers' class. The history of America shows that there has always been an antagonism between the white and the black workers; this means that there has always been an opposition among the white workers and the ensemble of the blacks, since all the blacks belong to the workers' class.

The richest black is also a part of the workers' class. There have never been good relations between the black and the white workers. There will not be any workers' solidarity while there will not be at least a black solidarity. There will not be a black-white solidarity as long as there is not a black solidarity at first. We must, above all, resolve our own problems and then, if we have time and the energy, we shall occupy ourselves with the problems of the whites. In any event, I believe that one of the errors which the blacks commit rests justly on the question of the solidarity.

R.

Will the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, declare its solidarity with the revolutionary, nonwhite movements in Africa, Asia and Latin America?

Malcolm X

We are all brothers in the oppression and, at the present hour, all the oppressed people in the world are solidary.

R.

Have you anything to add?

Malcolm X

No. I have said enough, perhaps too much!

TRANSLATION FROM FRENCH

Special issue of the magazine "Revolution," published in Paris, France, July, August, 1964.

Colonial War in the U. S. A.

Exclusive Interview with Malcolm X.

By A. B. Spellman.

R ("Revolution"):

Frequently you have been accused of being a racist as Hitler or the Ku Klux Klan, of being anti-Semitic, and of preaching violence. What do you think about that?

Malcolm X: No, we are not racists at all. Our solidarity is founded upon the fact that we are all black, brown, or yellow. One cannot call that racism. You have only to think of the European Common Market. It is composed of Europeans, of people with a white skin, and, in spite of that, one does not regard it as a racist association. It is an economic group which has nothing to do with Hitler or with the KKK. In fact, the KKK in the United States aims at the perpetuation of the injustice of which the Negroes were the victims, while the "Moslems" want to eliminate this same injustice.

We are against exploitation, in this country or in the land where we live. The Jews have been the tradesmen and the business people of the "black community" for such a long time that it is normal that they feel guilty when one says that the exploiters of the blacks are the Jews. This does not say that we are anti-Semitic. We are simply against exploitation.

With respect of violence, we have never employed it. We have never been engaged in it against anyone, but we believe that if violence is used against us, we must defend us. We do not believe that one must offer the other cheek.

Copy to New York to Lord
by routing slip for
☒ info ☐ action
date 9-21-64
by [redacted] can

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/14/83 BY 8269 JHE/wes
dd

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Memorandum

TO : Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

DATE September 2 1964

JW
FROM : J. Walter Yeagley
Assistant Attorney General
Internal Security Division

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE,
aka 'MALCOLM X'
INTERNAL SECURITY

Information has come to our attention reflecting that Malcolm K. Little, aka 'Malcolm X', in the course of his recent tour of Middle East and African states has reportedly been in communication and contact with heads of foreign governments urging that they take the issue of racialism in America before the United Nations as a threat to world peace.

Since such activities could conceivably fall within the provisions of the Logan Act, and are moreover deemed to be inimical to the best interests of our country, prejudicial to our foreign policy, we are requesting the Secretary of State to make appropriate inquiries of our Embassies in the Middle East and Africa for any pertinent information concerning Malcolm X's alleged contacts and communications with heads of foreign governments.

We would also appreciate having your Bureau furnish us with any information which you may receive concerning Malcolm X's activities abroad indicating a possible violation of the Logan Act.

EXP. PROC.
34 SEP 9 1964

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(Located in Section 12)

REC 5

100-399321-149

b7C

Sub Control
EX 110

SEP 8 1964

SEP 11 1964

SAC, New York (105-8899)

9/11/64

Director, FBI (100-399321) - 149

1 -
1 -

REC 5

EX 110

MALCOLM K. LITTLE
SECURITY MATTER - RMI

61C

Enclosed for your information is a copy of a letter from Assistant Attorney General, J. Walter Yeagley, Internal Security Division, Department of Justice.

The Logan Act mentioned by the Department's letter is Title 18, Section 953, U. S. Code Annotated and reads as follows:

Any citizen of the United States, wherever he may be, who, without authority of the United States, directly or indirectly commences or carries on any correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government or any officer or agent thereof, with intent to influence the measures or conduct of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the United States, shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than three years, or both.

This section shall not abridge the right of a citizen to apply, himself or his agent, to any foreign government or the agents thereof for redress of any injury which he may have sustained from such government or any of its agents or subjects. June 25, 1948, c. 645, 62 Stat. 744.

While the Logan Act is not a statute over which the Bureau has primary investigative jurisdiction, your attention is called to the Assistant Attorney General's request in the last sentence of his letter. You are to review your file on Little beginning with his first departure on foreign travel for any information which may tend to show a violation of the above-

Enclosure

MAILED 8

SEP 10 1964

COMM-FBI

SEP 16 1964

MAIL ROOM

TELETYPE UNIT

Tolson _____
Belmont _____
Mohr _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
DeLoach _____
Evans _____
Gale _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/14/89 BY 60697 HLB/BJP

Letter to New York
RE: MALCOLM K. LITTLE
100-399321

mentioned statute. This request should also be kept in mind during future investigation of the subject. Any information which appears pertinent to Mr. Yeagley's request should be promptly submitted in a memorandum suitable for dissemination to the Department.

NOTE:

Little, former minister of Nation of Islam Temple Number 7, New York City, is now head of the Muslim Mosque, Inc. which he organized as a militant quasi-religious Negro organization deeply involved in the Harlem race demonstrations. His name is included in the Security Index.

XXXXXX
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XXXXXX

**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET**

2

Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- ☒ Deleted under exemption(s) (b)(7)(C), (D) with no segregable material available for release to you.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party with no reference to you or the subject of your request.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party. Your name is listed in the title only.
- ☐ Document(s) originating with the following government agency(ies) _____, was/were forwarded to them for direct response to you.

_____ Page(s) referred for consultation to the following government agency(ies); _____ as the information originated with them. You will be advised of availability upon return of the material to the FBI.

_____ Page(s) withheld for the following reason(s):

☐ For your information: _____

☒ The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:

100-399321-146 pages 2,3

XXXXXX
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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X DELETED PAGE(S) X
X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
X FOR THIS PAGE X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

NY 105-8999

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

b7C

[REDACTED] NY 105-8999

b7D

[REDACTED] u

[REDACTED] of the New York Office were contacted and could furnish no information pertaining to the above. [REDACTED] have been alerted for information of Rifle Club being organized, particularly during the time that MALCOLM X returns from his trip to Africa. u

b7D

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] could furnish no information on the above but have been alerted. u

b7D

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Disposition of the case is unknown at this time. u

b7C

No letterhead memorandum is being submitted to the Bureau at this time, in view of the fact that the above information cannot be corroborated and that some of the statements made [REDACTED] may be exaggerated, [REDACTED] u

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : Mr. W. C. Sullivan

DATE: 8/31/64

FROM : Mr. D. J. Brennan, Jr.

SECRET

Tolson _____
Belmont _____
Mohr _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
DeLoach _____
Evans _____
Malone _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

SUBJECT: [REDACTED] *Lgu*

Wannall
8/31/64

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

ACTION:

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

[REDACTED]

100-399321-
NOT RECORDED
128 SEP 9 1964

- 1 - Mr. Rosen
- 1 - Mr. Sullivan
- 1 - Mr. Wannall

1 - Nation of Islam File

Declassify on: OADR

SECRET

SEP 9 1964

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ORIGINAL FILED IN

Dec
Wannall

FBI

Date: 9/3/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority)

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)
 FROM : SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)
 SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE aka
 IS-MMI
 (OO:New York)

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau are 6 copies
 and for Chicago and Phoenix 1 copy each of a LHM concerning
 the eviction of LITTLE from his Queens, NY, residence
 based on a legal suit previously filed by NOI Mosque #7,
 NYC.

and this LHM is classified
 "Confidential" to protect [REDACTED] since revelation
 of information therefrom might have an adverse effect
 on the national defense interests.

Information [REDACTED] furnished to
 SA [REDACTED]

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/14/83 BY 8269JHE

3-Bureau (Encls. 6) (RM)
 1-Chicago (100-35636) (ENCLS. 1) (NOI) (INFO) (RM)
 1-Phoenix (105-93) (ENCLS. 1) (NOI) (INFO) (RM)
 1-New York (105-7809) (NOI) (#43)
 1-New York (100-152759) (MMI) (#43)
 1-New York

REC-48

EX-108

100-399321-147 67C

(9)ms

ENCLOSURE

C.C. Wick 67C

Copy to RAO State - CIA 18 SEP 4 1964

Routing slip for [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

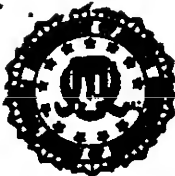
Approved: [REDACTED]

Special Agent in Charge

60 SEP 11 1964

Sent [REDACTED] M Per [REDACTED]

100-399321-147 67C



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

New York, New York
September 3, 1964

Bufile 100-399321
NYfile 105-8999

Re: Malcolm K. Little
Internal Security-Muslim Mosque,
Incorporated

Characterizations of the Muslim Mosque,
Incorporated(MMI), Nation of Islam(NOI)
and NOI Mosque Number 7, New York City,
are attached hereto and [REDACTED]

On September 2, 1964, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] advised that
Malcolm Little, former NOI Minister and founder and leader
of the MMI, was being evicted from his residence based on
an eviction order issued by the Queens County Civil Court.
However, the order is not to take effect until January, 1965.

67D
*Declassified
by 6855 DMH/af
5-16-77*

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions
of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned
to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed
outside your agency.

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
AND FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP(S) OF [REDACTED]
DATE 5/19-77 [REDACTED]

100-399321-147
SURE

Malcolm K. Little

67D On September 3, 1964, [REDACTED] Queens County Civil Court, Queens, New York, furnished the following information:

On April 8, 1964, Muhammad's Temple of Islam, Incorporated (NOI), filed a petition to evict Malcolm Little from the residence located at 23-11 97th Street, East Elmhurst, Queens, New York. The NOI claimed that they held title to the residence which was to be used by their Minister and that Little no longer held that position. Little in turn responded that the residence had been purchased for him and that the NOI only held the title in trust for him.

The hearing was held in Queens County Civil Court on June 15, 1964, before Maurice Wahl, Judge, Civil Court.

On September 2, 1964, Judge Wahl entered a final judgment in favor of the NOI and authorized the issuance of an eviction warrant. The execution of this warrant was stayed until after January 31, 1965, although the period of the stay could be reduced for cause.

According to the judgment, NOI Mosque Number 7, New York City, was found to be the legal owner of the residence and Little's occupation thereof was incidental to his being the Minister of NOI Mosque Number 7, New York City. The Judge found that Little no longer functioned as the Minister of the NOI and had in fact established his own religious group known as the MMI.

The September 3, 1964, edition of "The New York Times," a daily newspaper published in New York City,

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Malcolm K. Little

contained an article on page 16, relative to the above.

This article indicated that on September 2, 1964, the Queens Civil Court issued an order requiring Little to vacate his residence by January 31, 1965, since the NOI is the true and legal owner of the residence.

Malcolm K. Little

1.

APPENDIX

MUSLIM MOSQUE, INCORPORATED

The March 13, 1964, edition of "The New York Times," a daily newspaper published in New York, New York, contained an article on page 20 which indicated that MALCOLM X (LITTLE), former national official of the Nation of Islam (NOI) and Minister of NOI Mosque #7, New York, who broke with the NOI on March 8, 1964, publicly announced in New York City on March 12, 1964, that he had formed the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated (MMI). The MMI, according to the article, would be a broadly based politically oriented black nationalist movement for Negroes only, financed by voluntary contributions. In this public statement MALCOLM X urged Negroes to abandon the doctrine of non-violence when it is necessary to defend themselves in the civil rights struggle, and he also suggested that Negroes form rifle clubs to protect their lives and property in times of emergencies in areas where the government is unable or unwilling to protect them.

Incorporation papers of the MMI filed on March 16, 1964, with the Business Section, Clerk of Courts, New York County, New York, New York, reflect that the MMI was incorporated under the Religious Corporation Law of the State of New York to work for the imparting of the Islamic Faith and Islamic Religion in accordance with "accepted Islamic principals." The principal place of worship to be located in the Borough of Manhattan, New York, New York.

During an appearance over KYW - Television, Cleveland, Ohio, on April 7, 1964, MALCOLM X stated that the MMI does not stand for integration, but for complete freedom, justice, and equality for Negroes. He stated that Islam was the religious philosophy of the MMI, while the political, economic and social philosophy was black nationalism.

On May 15, 1964, a confidential source advised that the headquarters of the MMI are located in Suite 128, Hotel Theresa, 2090 Seventh Avenue, New York City, where they were established on March 16, 1964.

Malcolm K. Little

1.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, formerly referred to as the Muslim Cult of Islam, also known as Muhammad's Temples of Islam

In January, 1957, a source advised ELIJAH MUHAMMAD has described his organization on a nationwide basis as the "Nation of Islam," (NOI) and "Muhammad's Temples of Islam."

On May 8, 1964, a second source advised ELIJAH MUHAMMAD is the national leader of the NOI; Muhammad's Temple of Islam No. 2, 5335 South Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is the national headquarters of the NOI; and in mid-1960, MUHAMMAD and other NOI officials, when referring to MUHAMMAD'S organization on a nationwide basis, commenced using either "Mosque" or "Temple" when mentioning one of "Muhammad's Temples of Islam."

The NOI is an all-Negro organization which was originally organized in 1930 in Detroit, Michigan. MUHAMMAD claims to have been selected by Allah, the Supreme Being, to lead the so-called Negro race out of slavery in the wilderness of North America by establishing an independent black nation in the United States. Members following MUHAMMAD'S teachings and his interpretation of the "Koran" believe there is no such thing as a Negro; that the so-called Negroes are slaves of the white race, referred to as "white devils," in the United States; and that the white race, because of its exploitation of the so-called Negroes, must and will be destroyed in the approaching "War of Armageddon."

In the past, officials and members of the NOI, including MUHAMMAD, have refused to register under the provisions of the Selective Service Acts and have declared that members owe no allegiance to the United States.

On May 5, 1958, the first source advised MUHAMMAD had, upon advice of legal counsel, tempered his personal statements and instructions to his ministers concerning the principles of his organization in order to avoid possible prosecution by the United States Government; however, he did not indicate any fundamental changes in the teachings of his organization.

Malcolm K. Little

2.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, formerly
referred to as the Muslim
Cult of Islam, also known as
Muhammad's Temples of Islam

On May 7, 1964, a third source advised Muhammad had, early in July, 1958, decided to de-emphasize the religious aspects of the teachings of Islam and to stress the economic benefits to be derived by those Negroes who joined the NOI. This policy change, according to MUHAMMAD, would help him acquire additional followers and create more interest in his programs.

Malcolm K. Little

1.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, MOSQUE #7,
NEW YORK CITY

On May 5, 1964, a source advised that the Nation of Islam (NOI) affiliate in New York City is known as Mosque #7, also known as Temple #7, and is located at 102 West 116th Street, New York City. Mosque #7 is part of the NOI headed by ELIJAH MUHAMMAD, with headquarters in Chicago, Illinois. Mosque #7 has two branches; Mosque #7B at 105-03 Northern Boulevard, Queens, New York City, and Mosque #7C at 120 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York. These branches are part of Mosque #7.

The date Mosque #7 originated in New York City is not known.

However, in connection with the origin of Mosque #7, it should be noted that in 1953 a second source advised that there was a Temple of the NOI (known to source then as the Muslim Cult of Islam) in New York City located at 135th Street and 7th Avenue, as far back as 1947.

FBI

Date: 9/8/64

Transmit the following in PLAIN TEXT

(Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL

(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)
 FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)
 SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE aka
 IS - MMI
 (OO: NY)

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
 AND FIELD OFFICES
 ADVISED BY SLIP (S) OF
 DATE 12/21/82

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

67D
 67C
 [REDACTED]

- 3 - Bureau (RM)
 1 - Philadelphia (100-47441) (MMI) (RM)
 1 - New York (100-15279) (MMI) (#43)
 1 - New York

erf 12/14/82 226 THE REC-15

18 SEP 9 1964

Declassify on: OADR

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

C.C. Wick

61 SEP 16 1964

Approved: 13/

Special Agent in Charge

Classified by 6203
 Exempt from GDS Category 2
 Date of Declassification Indefinite
 5-17-77

Per

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
 WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

DIRECTOR, FBI

9/1/64

SAC, [REDACTED] (P)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Maxim Little

Enclosed for the Bureau are 2 Autostat copies of
press release from the Organization of Afro-American Unity
group.

[REDACTED] a press release regarding the
Organization of Afro-American Unity, 2090 Seventh Avenue, Suite
128, Hotel Theresa, New York, N. Y.

ENCLOSURE

One copy of the above release is being sent to the New
York and Chicago office for their information.

- 2-Bureau (Enc. 2) (RM)
- 1-New York City (Enc. 1) (Inf.) (RM)
- 1-Chicago (Enc. 1) (Inf.) (RM)

167 SEP 14 1964

MUSLIM MOSQUE, INC.)
UNSUB, DISSIDENT NOI GROUPS)

CONFIDENTIAL

Classified By [REDACTED]
Exempt from GDS Category [REDACTED]
Date of Declassification Indefinite

57C
30 SEP

dnb

ORGANIZATION OF AFRO-AMERICAN UNITY

HOTEL THERESA

2000 SEVENTH AVE., Suite 125

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MO. 100-1000

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

July 17, 1964

General

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

During the midst of the racial turmoil here in America, the most militant of the militant Negroes - Malcolm X - was in Cairo, Egypt, where he was the only American allowed into the conference of the Organization of African Unity.

A resolution was passed at this conference condemning racism in the United States.

Sincerely,

DECLASSIFIED BY *8269 JHE/WEB*
ON *12/14/83*

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Organization of Afro-American
Unity

100-377321-

ENCLOSURE

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

PRESS RELEASE

The following is a copy of the statement that was prepared by Malcolm X on behalf of the Organization of Afro-American Unity and the 22 million Afro-Americans; and was delivered by him to the conference which opened in Cairo, Egypt on July 17, 1964.

July 17, 1964

Their EXCELLENCIES
FIRST ORDINARY ASSEMBLY OF HEADS OF STATE AND GOVERNMENTS
ORGANIZATION OF AFRICAN UNITY
CAIRO, U.A.R.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES:

The Organization of Afro-American Unity has sent me to attend this historic African Summit Conference as an observer to represent the interests of twenty-two million African-Americans whose human rights are being violated daily by the racism of American imperialists.

The Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU) has been formed by a cross section of America's African-American community, and is patterned after the letter and spirit of the Organization of African Unity (OAU).

Just as the Organization of African Unity has called upon all African leaders to submerge their differences and unite on common objectives for the common good of all Africans - in America the Organization of Afro-American Unity has called upon Afro-American leaders to submerge their differences and find areas of agreement wherein we can work in unity for the good of the entire twenty-two million African-Americans. ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ 2

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Since the twenty-two million of us were originally Africans, who are now in America, not by choice but only by a cruel accident in our history, we strongly believe that African problems are our problems and our problems are African problems.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES: We also believe that as Heads of the Independent African States you are the Shepherd of all African peoples everywhere, whether they are still at home here on the Mother Continent or have been scattered abroad.

Some African leaders at this Conference have implied that they have enough problems here on the Mother Continent without adding the Afro-American problem.

With all due respect to your esteemed positions, I must remind all of you that the Good Shepherd will leave ninety-nine sheep who are safe at home to go to the aid of the one who is lost and has fallen into the clutches of the imperialist wolf.

We, in America, are your long lost Brothers and Sisters, and I am here only to remind you that our problems are your problems. As the African-Americans "invader" today, we find ourselves in a strange land that has rejected us, and, like the Prodigal Son, we are turning to our Elder Brothers for help. We pray our pleas will not fall upon deaf ears.

We were taken forcibly in chains from this Mother Continent and have now spent over 300 years in America, suffering the most inhuman forms of physical and psychological torments imaginable.

During the past ten years the entire world has witnessed our men, women and children being attacked and bitten by vicious police dogs, brutally beaten by police clubs, and washed down the sewers by high-pressure water hoses that would rip the clothes from our bodies and the flesh from our limbs.

And, all of these inhuman atrocities have been inflicted upon us by the American Governmental authorities, the police, themselves, for so years now that we seek the recognition and respect granted other human beings in America.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES:

The American Government is either unable or unwilling to protect the lives and property of your twenty-two million African-American brothers and sisters. We stand defenseless, at the mercy of American racists who murder us at will for no reason other than we are black and of African descent.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Two black bodies were found in the Mississippi River this week; last week an unarmed African-American educator was murdered in cold blood in Georgia; a few days before that three civil rights workers disappeared completely, perhaps murdered also, only because they were teaching our people in Mississippi how to vote and how to secure their political rights.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Our problems are your problems. We have lived for over 300 years in that American den of racist wolves in constant fear of losing life and limb. Recently, three students from Kenya were mistaken for American Negroes and were brutally beaten by the New York Police. Shortly after that two diplomats from Uganda were also beaten by the New York City police who mistook them for American Negroes.

If Africans are brutally beaten while only visiting in America, imagine the physical and psychological suffering received by your Brothers and Sisters who have lived there for over 300 years.

Our problem is your problem. No matter how much independence Africans get here on the Mother Continent, unless you wear your National dress at all times when you visit America, you may be mistaken for one of us and suffer the same psychological and physical mutilation that is an everyday occurrence in our lives.

Your problems will never be fully solved until and unless ours are solved. You will never be fully respected until and unless we are also respected. You will never be recognized as free human beings until and unless we are also recognized and treated as human beings.

Our problem is your problem. It is not a Negro problem, nor an American problem. This is a world problem; a problem for humanity. It is not a problem of civil rights, but a problem of human rights.

If the United States Supreme Court Justice, Arthur Goldberg, a few weeks ago, could find legal grounds to threaten to bring Russia before the United Nations and charge her with violating the human rights of less than three million Russian Jews---what makes our African brothers hesitate to bring the United States Government before the United Nations and charge her with violating the human rights of twenty-two million African-Americans?

We pray that our African brothers have not freed themselves of European colonialism only to be overcome and held in check now by American dollarism. Don't let American racism be "legalized" by American dollarism.

America is worse than South Africa, because not only is America racist, but she is also deceitful and hypocritical. South Africa preaches segregation and practices segregation. She, at least, practices what she preaches. America preaches integration and practices segregation. She preaches one thing while deceitfully practicing another.

South Africa is like a vicious wolf, openly hostile towards black humanity. But America is cunning like a fox, friendly and smiling, but even more vicious and deadly than the wolf.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

The wolf and the fox are both enemies of humanity; both are cunning; both brutalize and mutilate their victims. Both have the same end in mind.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

"If South Africa is guilty of violating the human rights of Africans here on the Mother Continent, then America is guilty of worse violations of the twenty-two million Africans on the American continent. And, if South African racism is a domestic issue, then American racism also is not a domestic issue."

"Many of you have been led to believe that the much publicized, recently passed Civil Rights Bill is a sign that America is making a sincere effort to correct the injustices we have suffered here. This propaganda maneuver is part of her deceit and trickery to keep the African Nations from condemning her racist practices before the United Nations, as you are now doing as regards the same practices of South Africa."

The United States Supreme Court passed a law ten years ago making America's segregated school system illegal. But, the Federal Government has yet to enforce this law even in the North. If the Federal Government cannot enforce the law of the highest court in the land, when it comes to nothing but equal rights to education for African-Americans, how can anyone be so naive as to think all the additional laws brought into being by the Civil Rights Bill will be enforced?"

These are nothing but tricks of this Century's leading neocolonialist power. Surely, our intellectually mature African brothers will not fall for this trickery!"

The Organization of Afro-American Unity, in cooperation with a coalition of other Negro leaders and organizations, have decided to elevate our freedom struggle above the domestic level of civil rights. We intend to "internationalize" it by placing it at the level of human rights. Our freedom struggle for human dignity is no longer confined to the domestic jurisdiction of the United States Government.

We beseech the Independent African States to help us bring our problem before the United Nations, on the grounds that the United States Government is morally incapable of protecting the lives and the property of twenty-two million African-Americans. And, on the grounds that our deteriorating plight is definitely becoming a threat to world peace.

Out of frustration and hopelessness our young people have reached the point of no return. We no longer endure patience and turning-the-other-cheek. We assert the right of self-defense by whatever means necessary, and reserve the right of maximum rebellion against our racist oppressors, no matter what the odds against us are.

From here on in, if we must die anyway, we will die fighting back, and we will not die alone. We intend to see that our racist oppressors also get a taste of death.

5 ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

We are well aware that our future efforts to defend ourselves by retaliation by meeting violence with violence, eye for eye and tooth for tooth--could cause the type of racial conflict in America that could easily escalate into a violent worldwide, bloody race war.

In the interests of world peace and security, we beseech the Heads of the Independent African States to recommend an immediate investigation into our problem by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights.

If this humble plea that I am voicing at this Conference is not properly worded, then let our Elder Brothers, who know the legal language come to our aid and word our plea in the proper language necessary for it to be heard.

One last word, my beloved Brothers at this African Summit:

"No one knows the master better than his servant." We have been servants in America for over 200 years. We have a thorough, inside knowledge of this man who calls himself "Uncle Sam". Therefore, you must heed our warning: Don't escape from European Colonialism only to become even more enslaved by deceitful, "friendly" American dollarism.

May Allah's blessings of good health and wisdom be upon you all.

Salaam Alaikum

Malcolm X, Chairman
Organization of Afro-American
Unity.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

1 Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- ☒ Deleted under exemption(s) (b)(7)(D) with no segregable material available for release to you.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party with no reference to you or the subject of your request.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party. Your name is listed in the title only.
- ☐ Document(s) originating with the following government agency(ies) _____, was/were forwarded to them for direct response to you.

_____ Page(s) referred for consultation to the following government agency(ies); _____ as the information originated with them. You will be advised of availability upon return of the material to the FBI.

_____ Page(s) withheld for the following reason(s):

☐ For your information: _____

☒ The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:

100-399321-Not Recorded, last page

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 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 X DELETED PAGE(S) X
 X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
 X FOR THIS PAGE X
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

FBI

Date: 9/8/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL

(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-441765)
 FROM : SAC, CHICAGO (100-41040)
 SUBJECT: MUSLIM MOSQUE, INC.
 IS-NMI
 (OO: NEW YORK)

The following is furnished for the information of the Bureau and New York. It was provided by [REDACTED] on [REDACTED]

It is not being set forth in LHM as the information is extremely nebulous and also could serve to compromise [REDACTED]. Any additional pertinent developments in this regard will be furnished the Bureau and New York in the appropriate manner.

On 9/4/64 [REDACTED]

- 4 - Bureau (RM)
 (1) - 100-399321 (MALCOLM X)
 3 - New York (100-152759) (RM)
 (1 - 105-8999) (MALCOLM X)
 5 - Chicago
 (1 - [REDACTED])
 (1 - [REDACTED])
 (1 - 100-35835) (ROY)
 (1 - 100-6989) (ELIJAH MUHAMMAD)

(11)

NOT RECORDED

198 SEP 16 1964

Classified by 6855 DMC/d
 Exempt from GDS Category 2
 Date of Declassification Indefinite
 5-17-77

DECLASSIFIED BY 2049 JHE/WEH/bbl
 ON 12/14/83

Approved: _____ Sent _____ M Per _____

Special Agent in Charge

CARBON COPY

61 SEP 18 1964

CONFIDENTIAL

On 9/6/64, ELIJAH MUHAMMAD stated that MALCOLM does not have 100 people in all the United States, and that he is staying in Africa telling them how much he has and how much help he is getting from them. He added that MALCOLM is just talking himself to death over there. The Arabs, who are the smartest people in the world, are laughing at him and not committing themselves.

CONFIDENTIAL

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DATE: 9/10/64

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. Belmont	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Evans	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

TO: *[Signature]*
FROM: *[Signature]*

DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT:

MALCOLM K. LITTLE aka
IS-MMI

Enclosed is an article that was printed in "The Saturday Evening Post" magazine dated 9/12/54 about MALCOLM X LITTLE under the caption "I'm Talking To You White Man".

The article is an autobiography about MALCOLM X and contains no derogatory statements about the Bureau. The article does contain a statement in which MALCOLM X remarks "Speaking publicly sometimes I'd guess which faces in the audience were FBI or other types of agents. Both the police and the FBI intently and persistently visited and questioned us. Mr. MUHAMMAD said I do not fear them, I have all that I need, the truth".

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/14/83 BY 8309 JEV/wes/20

17C

REC-21

ENCLOSURE

3- ENCLOSURE (ENC. 1) (RM) (CENTRAL RESEARCH)
1- New York ATTACHED

JCS:GR
(4)

100-399321-150

15
10 SEP 1964

CONTROL
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SEP 17 1964

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/14/83 BY 8269 JWE/wer/dd

ENCLOSURE

100-399321-150

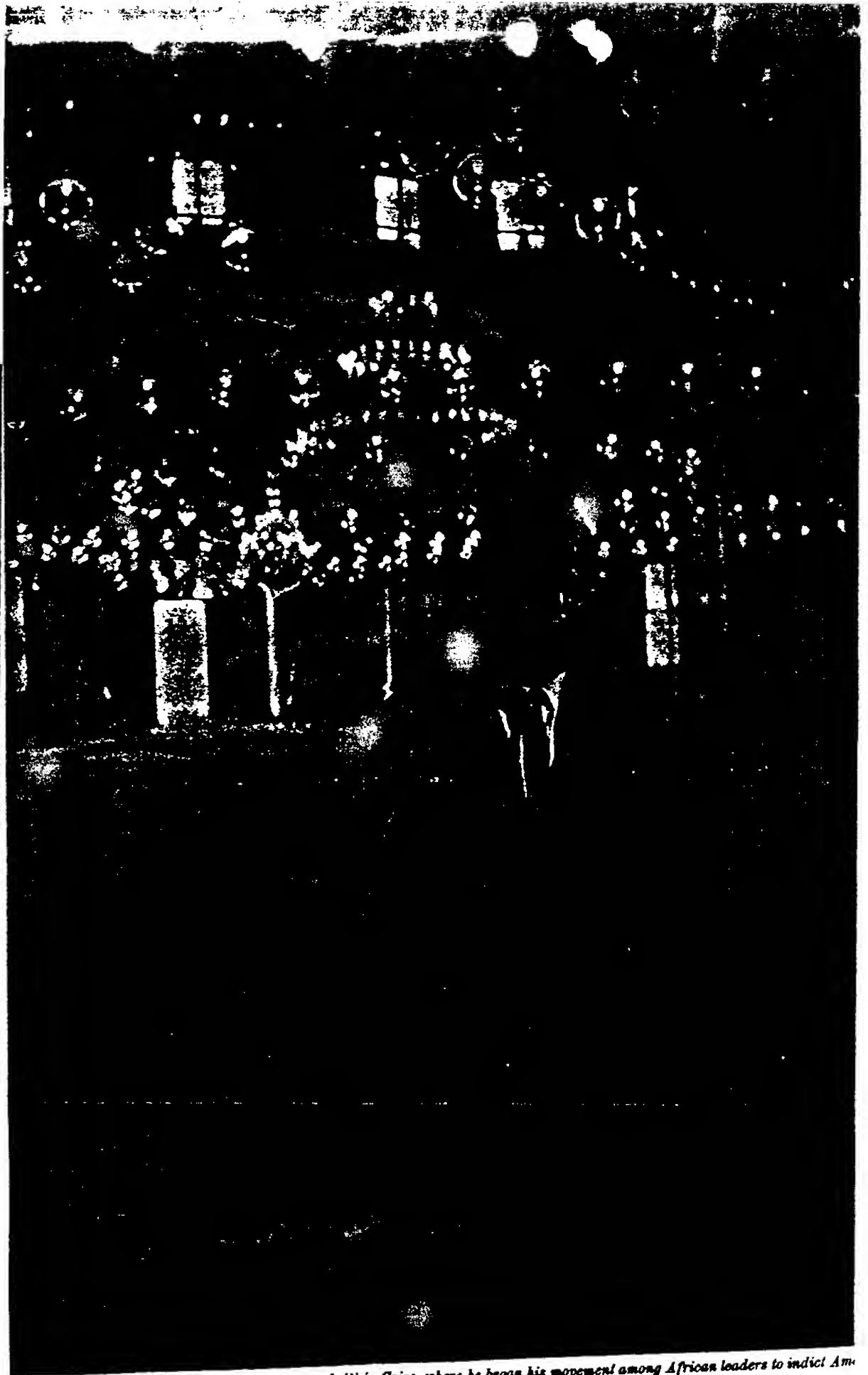
OST

DAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 12 - 1964 25c

'More' and worse riots will erupt!
MALCOLM X
His own story of crime conversion
and Black Muslims in action

sen attacks the Supreme Court

New Hampshire's "Irish Sweepsta



Malcolm X prays in the great Mosque of Mohammed Ali in Cairo, where he began his movement among African leaders to indict America.

An autobiography

By MALCOLM X

I'M TALKING TO YOU, WHITE MAN

The explosive Black Muslim rebel who defies both white and Negro leadership tells a story that swings from violence and degradation to religion and racism.

"I dream that one day history will look upon me as one of the voices that helped to save my country from a catastrophe."

When my mother was pregnant with me, she told me later, a party of Ku Klux Klan riders came suddenly one night, galloping on their horses around our home in Omaha, Nebr. They stopped with their upraised torches lighting all around the house to prevent any escape by my father. My mother came out the front door. She defied them that she was alone with her three small children, and that my father was away, preaching, in Milwaukee. The Klansmen shouted threats and warnings at her that we had better get out of Omaha because the good Christian white people were not going to stand for my father's "spreading trouble" among the local "good" Negroes with the "Back To Africa" teachings of Marcus Garvey—at that time, 1925, the most controversial black man on earth.

The Klansmen spurred their horses and galloped about the house, close enough to use their gun butts to shatter all of the glass panes in the windows. Then they rode away. My father, the Rev. Earl Little, was enraged when he returned. He decided that they would wait until I was born—which would be soon—and then the family would move. I am not sure why he made this decision as he was not a frightened Negro, as most then were, and still are today. My father was a big, six-foot-four, very black man. He had only one eye. How he had lost the other one, I never have known. He was from Reynolds, Ok., where he had finished the third or maybe the fourth grade. Among himself and his six brothers he had seen four of them die of violence, three of them in the South, killed by white people, including one of them hung. What my father could not know was that of the three remaining, including himself, only one, my Uncle Jim, would die in bed, of illness. Northern white police were later going to shoot my Uncle Oscar, and my father was finally, too, going to die at white hands.

It has always stayed on my mind that I would die by violence. I have done all that I can to be prepared.

I was my father's seventh child. He had by a previous marriage three, Ella, Earl and Mary, who lived in Boston. In Philadelphia he had met and married my mother. Their first child, my oldest full brother, Wilfred, was born

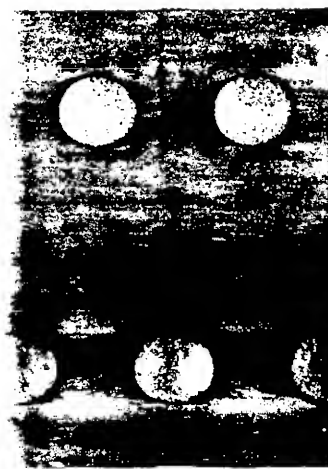
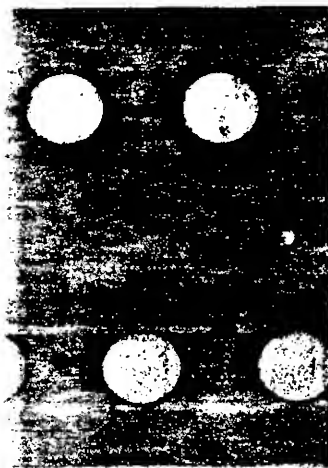
there. They moved from Philadelphia to Omaha, where Hilda and then Philbert were born, and then I was the next one in line.

The family waited, as my father had decided, and my mother was 28 when I was born on May 19, 1925, in an Omaha hospital. Earle Little, my mother, who was taken in Grenada, in the British West Indies, looked like a white woman. Her father was white. She had black hair, and her accent did not sound like a Negro's. Of this white devil father of hers, I know nothing except her shame about it; I remember hearing her say that she was glad that she never had seen him. It was of course as a result of him that I got my reddish-brown "mariny" color of skin, and my hair of the same color. I grew up as the lightest child in our house. (Out in the world later on, in Boston and New York, I was for years insane enough to feel that it was some kind of status symbol to be light complexioned. Now, I hate every drop of that white rapist's blood that is in me.)

We next went to Lansing, Mich. A house was bought, and soon my father was doing free-lance Christian Baptist preaching in local Negro churches, and during the week he was moving about, spreading the Garvey teachings. He had begun laying the foundation for the store that he had always wanted to own when, as always, some stupid local "Uncle Tom" Negroes began funneling everything they heard to the local white people.

On the nightmare 1929 night which is the earliest vivid memory that I have, I remember being suddenly snatched awake into a nearly petrifying confusion of pistol shots and shouting and smoke and flames. My father had seen and shouted and shot at the two white men who had set fire to our house and were running away. My mother with the baby in her arms just made it into the yard before the house crashed in, showering up sparks. The police and firemen came and stood around watching the house burn the rest of the way.

I remember waking up in 1931, again to the sound of my mother's screaming. When I scrambled out, I saw the police in the living room. All of us children who were staring knew that something bad had happened to our father.



With coaxed-up hair and cool suit, Malcolm at 15 began hustling career.

Malcolm X

My mother said later that she was taken by the police to the hospital, and to a room where a sheet was over my father in a bed, and she wouldn't look, she was afraid to. Probably it was wise that she didn't. My father's skull, on one side, was crushed in. He had been bludgeoned with something. And his body was cut almost in half where he had been run over by the wheels of a streetcar. He had been bludgeoned by someone, and then laid across the tracks for the streetcar to run over. He lived two-and-a-half hours in that condition. (Negroes born in Georgia had to be strong just to survive.) It was morning when we children at home got the word that he was dead. I was six.

My mother was 34 years old now. She was very shook up. Some kind of a family routine got going again. And for as long as the first insurance money lasted, we did all right. When the state welfare people began coming to our house, we would come home from school sometimes and find them there talking with our mother, asking a thousand questions. They were acting and looking at her and us and around in our house in a way that had about it the feeling that we were not people. We were just things, that was all.

We swiftly began to go downhill. The physical downhill wasn't as quick as the psychic. My mother was, above everything else, a proud woman, and it took its toll on her that she was accepting charity. And her feelings communicated to us, and among us children. It didn't help any when I began to get caught stealing snacks from stores, and the welfare people began to focus on me.

It was about this time that the large, dark man from Lansing began visiting. He looked something like my father. He was single, and my mother was a woman without a man, and the state people were bugging her. The man was independent; she would have admired that. She was having a hard time with disciplining us, and a big man's presence alone would help. And if she had a man to provide, it would erase the state people in general.

It went on for about a year, I guess. And then the man from Lansing jilted my mother suddenly. It was a terrible shock

"I was unique in class, like a pink poodle."

to her. It was the beginning of the end of reality for my mother. She began to sit around, or walk around, and talk to herself, almost as if she was unaware that we were right around there in the house, watching her. It was gradually terrifying.

The state people saw her weakening. That was when they began the definite steps to take me away from the house. They began to tell me how nice it was going to be at the nearby Gohannes's home, where the Gohannes's and their nephew, "Big Boy," and old Mrs. Adcock all had said how much they would like to have me live with them.

When finally I did go to the Gohannes's home, at least in a surface way I was glad. I would return home to visit fairly often, and saw how the state people were making plans to take over all the children. My mother talked to herself nearly all the time now. The court orders were signed, finally. They took her to the state mental hospital at Kalamazoo. My mother is still in the same hospital.

I guess I must have had some vague idea that if I weren't in school, I'd be allowed to just live at the Gohannes's and wander around town, stealing and loafing, or maybe get a job if I wanted one. But I got rocked on my heels when a state man that I hadn't seen before came and got me at the Gohannes's and took me down to court. They said I was going to the detention home. It was about 12 miles from Lansing, in Mason, Mich. I was 13 years old. The detention home was where all boys and girls on their way to reform school were held, waiting.

The lady in charge of the detention home, Mrs. Swerlin, and her husband were very good people. Her first name was Lois, and Mr. Swerlin's was Jim, I remember. She was bigger than he, a big, buxom woman. She showed me to my room—in my life, my first own room. It was in one of the dormitorylike buildings where the kids in detention were kept. I discovered next, with surprise, that I ate right at the tables with them.

Different ones of the detention home youngsters, when their dates came up, went on off to the reform school. But mine came up two or three times; it was always ignored. I saw new youngsters arrive and leave. I was glad, and grateful. I knew it was Mrs. Swerlin's doing. She finally told me one day that I was going to enter the Mason High School.

The white kids there were friendly. Somebody, including the teachers, was calling me "nigger" everywhere I turned, but it was easy to see that they didn't mean any harm. "The nigger," in fact, was extremely popular. I was unique, the only one around—you know what I mean? Every Sunday I went to Sunday school and church. There was no black church to go to, so I went to the white one.

In Mason High I was elected the class president! It shocked me. More than it did other people. I see it now. My grades were among the highest in the school. I was unique in my class, like a pink poodle. I am not going to say that I wasn't proud.

Along toward the end of that year, our father's grown daughter, Ella, by his first marriage, came from Boston to Lansing. After visiting each home where my different brothers and sisters were staying, Ella left. But she had told me to write to her, and she had suggested that I might like to spend the summer holiday visiting

her in Boston. I jumped at that chance.

That summer of 1940 I caught the Greyhound bus, with my cardboard suitcase and wearing my green suit. If someone had hung the sign HICK on me, I couldn't have looked much more obvious.

Ella met me. She took me home. The house was on Waumbec Street, in Roxbury, the Harlem of Boston. I saw, or met, I suppose a hundred people whose big-city talk and ways left my mouth hanging open. The cars they drove! I tried to describe it, when I got back to Lansing, but I couldn't. I thought constantly about all that I had seen.

One day Mrs. Swerlin called me into the living room. She said she felt there was no need for me to be at the detention home any longer. I wrote to Ella in Boston. I don't know how Ella did it, but official custody of me was transferred from Michigan to Massachusetts. The same week that I finished the eighth grade, I again caught the Greyhound bus. All praise is due to Allah! If I hadn't gone on to Boston, probably I'd still be a brainwashed black Christian.

This time I was big enough to walk around town by myself, and I just knocked myself out, gawking. Boston's downtown had the biggest stores that I ever saw, and white people's restaurants and hotels. On Massachusetts Avenue, next door to the Loew's State Theater, was the big, exciting Roseland State Ballroom. Big posters advertised the nationally famous bands, white and Negro, that had been there. I saw that COMING NEXT WEEK was Glenn Miller.

I wanted to find myself a job to surprise Ella, to show her I could, mostly. One afternoon something told me to go inside a poolroom whose window I was looking through. Something made me decide to talk to a stubby, dark fellow who racked up the balls for the pool players, and whom I'd heard different ones call "Shorty." And one day he came



Minister of the Harlem Mosque, a sedate Malcolm escorts Elijah and friend before fateful ochem rent the Nation of Islam.

Will your child enjoy reading?

And you can help

authentic historical photographs and natural history studies. There are brightly illustrated word puzzles, tricky riddles, and basic number puzzles. They are always appealingly presented and lead the child naturally into a sense of participation and discovery on his own.

Poetry in JACK and JILL sometimes carries a message on manners, but is just as likely to tackle the phenomenon of lightning and lightning. Fun poems can range over school or sports; can be long or short.

Fact, Fiction, Fantasy

There is a fine sampling of history in any issue of JACK and JILL. Not overburdened history but viewed, for example, as a walk through a famous city, the view of a capital from a riverboat, with attendant official photographs.

Fiction in JACK and JILL follows the broad scope of childhood's unlimited imaginative powers and the range is far too broad even to categorize. Fiction and fancy in JACK and JILL are presented in abundance and in many diverse and diverting manners. They cover a wonder world of adventure and a good deal of fun for sheer fun's sake!

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WE ... FROM THE MAILMAN

First chick in Boston, Malcom X, Shorty and

Malcom X

outside and saw me standing there with my kinky, reddish hair and he had said, "Hi, Red," so that made me figure that he was friendly. Inconspicuously as I could, I went on to the back, where this Shorty looked up at me over an aluminum can that he was filling with the powder that pool players sprinkle over their fingers. His hair had been "ponked" to make it stick and straight. I told him I'd appreciate it if he'd tell me how could somebody go about getting a job. He asked what had I ever done, and where. And that was how he learned that I'd been at Mason High. He nearly dropped the powder can. He hollered "My homeboy! Man, gimme some skin! Man, I'm from Lansing!" Pretty soon we sounded as though we had been raised in the same block, and we were reacting like long-lost brothers. "You're my homeboy—I'm going to school you to the happenings." I just had to stand up there and grin like a fool, I was so glad to hear those words.

I hung around in the back of the poolroom, and Shorty, keeping an eye on the pool games up at the tables, would run and rack balls, then come back and talk. He asked my circumstances, and I told him about Ella and all. Shorty's job—or "slave"—in the poolroom there, he said, was just to keep onds together while he learned his horn. A couple of years before he'd hit the numbers, and bought a saxophone. "Like all the cats," he told me, "I play at least a dollar a day on the full number with my main man. Soon as I get that I plan to organize my band, get the studs some uniforms and stuff." Before we went out, he opened his saxophone case and showed the horn to me. It was gleaming brass against the green velvet, an alto sax. He said, "Keep cool, homeboy. Some of the cats will turn you up a slave."

When I got home, Ella said there had been a telephone call from somebody named Shorty. He had left a message that over at the Roseland State Ballroom, the shoeshine boy, named Freddie, was quitting that night, and Shorty had told him to hold the job for me.

The front of the ballroom was all lighted when I got there. A man at the front door was letting in members of Benny Goodman's band. I told him I wanted to see the shoeshine boy, Freddie. "A wily, brown-skinned, 'cooked' cat upstairs in the men's room greeted me. 'You Shorty's homeboy?' I said I was, and he said he was a friend of Shorty's. 'Good old boy,' Freddie said. 'He called me, he'd just heard I hit the big number, and he figured right I'd be quitting.' Then he gave a demonstration in how to make the shine rag pop like a firecracker. By the close of the dance Freddie had let me shine the shoes of three or four stray drunks he talked into it, and I had practiced picking up my speed on his shoes until they looked like mirrors. After we had helped the janitors to clean up the ballroom after the dance, throwing out empty liquor bottles we found, stuff like that, Freddie was nice enough to drive me all the way home to Ella's on the 'hill' in his maroon, second-hand Buick. He looked across at me. 'Some hustles, now, you just got to realize you're too new for. Some cats will ask you for liquor, some more for a 'wick'—refers. Whatever else they ask you for, you just act dumb, until you get

able to dig what's a con. You got to make 'em, twelve dollars a dance for yourself. If you work everything right. The main thing you got to remember is that everything in the world is a hustle. OK, Red?"

In about two weeks I had found out that Freddie had done just shoeshining and towel blotting that evening before the refectory, and contacting white "Johns" for some Negro girls. Most of the Roseland's dances were things for white girls, and they had white bands only. The Negro dances with Negro bands were only now and then. They jive-jacked that ballroom, the black chicks in real way-out silk and satin dresses and shoes, and their hair done in all kinds of styles, and the cats sharp in their "jams" suits and crazy "vokes," and everybody getting and getting and getting.

The first figure I struck, my first shoe reties, even the first shoeshine—refers—I can't specifically remember. But I know they all mixed together with my first shooting craps, playing cards, and betting my dollar a day on the numbers as I started some light hanging out at night with Shorty and different ones of his friends, and, sometimes, chicks they knew. Mixed in with this time, too, was my first zoot suit and my first processing of my kinky hair to straighten it, the conk. Shorty had promised to school me in how most young cats beat the barber-shops' three- and four-dollar price by making their own "congolene," and conking themselves, once they learned how.

The evening that Shorty said that we would do it at his pad, after he got off from the poolroom, I took the little bag he had printed out for me, and went to a grocery store. I got there a can of Red Devil lye, two eggs, and two medium-sized white potatoes. Then, at a drug store near the poolroom, I asked for Vaseline, a large jar; a large jar of soap; a big comb and a fine comb; one of those rubber hoses with a metal spray head, and a rubber apron and a pair of gloves.

Shorty paid six dollars a week for a room in his cousin's beat-up apartment. He peeled the potatoes and skin-stuffed them down into a quart Mason fruit jar. He started stirring with a wooden spoon down among the potato slices as he gradually poured in a little over a half can of the lye. A jellylike, starch-looking stuff resulted from the lye and potatoes, and Shorty broke in the two eggs, stirring real fast. The congolene turned pale-yellowish. "Foot the jar," Shorty said. I cupped my hand against the outside, and snatched it away. "Damn right, it's hot, that's that lye," Shorty said. "Do you know it's going to burn when I comb it in—it burns bad. But the longer you can stand it, the straighter the hair."

He made me sit down, and he tightly tied the string of the new rubber apron around my neck, and combed up my bush of hair. From the big Vaseline jar he took fingersful and massaged, hard, all through my hair and onto the scalp. He thickly Vaseline'd my neck, ears and forehead. "When I get to washing out your head, you got to remember that any congolene left in burns a sore."

The congolene just felt warm when Shorty started combing it in. Then, my head set afire! I gritted my teeth and tried to pull the kitchen table's sides together. The comb felt like it was raking skin off! I couldn't stand it any longer; I bolted to the wash basin. I was cursing

found that on this scene he was a hick again.

Shorty for everything I could think of when he got the spray going and started soap-lathering my head. "The first time's always worst. You get used to it better. You took it real good, homeboy. You got a good conk."

When Shorty let me stand up and see in the mirror, my scalp still flamed, but this time not as bad; I could bear it. The mirror reflected Shorty behind me. We both were grinning and sweating. After that Vaseline, I had this thick, smooth sheen of shining red hair—real red—and straight as any white man's!

Shorty would take me to groovy, fantastic scenes (parties) in different chicks' and cats' pads. With the lights and the juke-box down mellow, we "blew gage" (smoked marijuana) or "juiced back" (drank liquor). The chicks I met were fine as May wine, the cats were hip to all happenings. (That's just to give a taste of the slang that was talked by everyone whom I respected in those days.) I'd acquired the fashionable ghetto adornments, my zoot suits and a conk; I had begun drinking liquor, smoking cigarettes and reefer, and I was absorbing a lot of the "hip" dialogue.

Beacon Hill chick

I had to quit the shoeshine hustle because I liked to be on the Roseland dance floor when the bands were playing, but Ella helped me get a job as a soda jerk in the Townsend Drug Store, two blocks from her house. That was when I met my first white woman. I'm going to call her Sophia, for which I have my own private reasons. I met her at the Roseland Ballroom. When I caught this fine blonde's eyes, I just stopped. Froze! This one I'd never seen among the white girls that came to the Roseland black dances. She was giving me that "I-go-for-you" look.

She didn't dance well, at least not by Negro standards. But who cared? I could feel the staring eyes of other couples around us. We talked. I told her she was a good dancer, and asked her where she'd learned. I was trying to find out why she was there. Most white women who came to the black dances, I knew their reasons, but you didn't see her kind. She had vague answers for everything. And then I know she asked in that cool Laurence Olivier sound of hers would I like to go for a drive.

I just couldn't believe my luck. *Would I? It was just too much!*

For the next five years—into 1946, when I went to prison—Sophia was my main white woman. For two of the years she stayed single; for the other three she was married to a white man, for convenience. I soon found out from her, different parts of it at different times, that she was the oldest of a well-off divorced Boston woman's three daughters. Sophia would pick me up. I took her to the dances, but mostly to the bars around Roxbury. We drove all over. Sometimes it would be nearly daylight when she let me out in front of Ella's.

She was entranced with me. Automatically, I began to see less of Shorty. When I did see him and the gang, he would gibe, "Man, I had to comb the burrs out of homeboy's head; now, looka here, he's got a Beacon Hill chick."

Meanwhile I left the drugstore and soon found me a new job. I was a busboy at the Parker House. After only a few

weeks, one Sunday morning I ran in to work expecting to get fired, I was so late. But the whole kitchen crew was too excited and upset to notice. I picked up their talk—Japanese planes had just bombed somewhere called Pearl Harbor.

You wouldn't have believed it was me. "Getcha goooooo haaaaaam an' cheeese . . . sandwiches! Coffee! Candy! Cake! Ice cream!" Rocking along the tracks every other day for four hours between Boston and New York, in the coach-car aisles of the New Haven line's *Yankee Clipper*. An old Pullman porter, a friend of Ella's, had recommended the railroad job for me. He had told her that the war was snatching away railroad men so fast that if I could pass for 21, he could get me on. I knew that several New Haven trains ran between Boston and New York. Secretly, for years, I had wanted to visit New York City. Right there since I had been in Roxbury, I had heard so much raving about "The Big Apple," as it was called, by various kinds of people who traveled a lot, by musicians, merchant-marine sailors, chauffeurs for white families, salesmen and different hustlers.

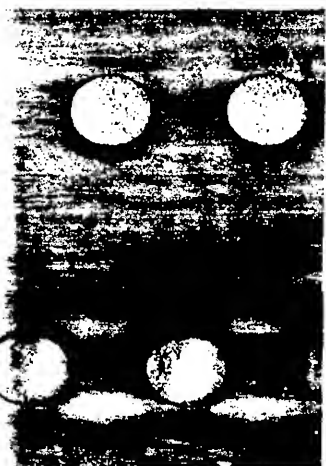
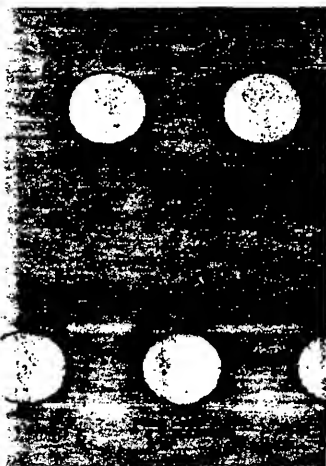
Anyway, at the railroad-personnel hiring office down on Dover Street, a tired, acting, grayheaded, old white clerk got down to the crucial point. "Age?" When I told him "Twenty-one," he never lifted his eyes up from his pencil. And I knew I had it made.

The dining-car crew told me before we left Boston that their favorite spot in New York was a place called Small's Paradise. The cooks took me up to Harlem with them, in a cab. White New York passed by like a scenario, then almost abruptly, when we left Central Park at the upper end, at 110th Street, the people's complexion changed to Negroes. It was about five-thirty in the afternoon.

Busy Seventh Avenue ran along in front of Small's Paradise. No Negro place of business had ever impressed me so much. Around the big, luxurious-looking circular bar probably were 30 or 40 men, or mostly men, and several women, drinking and talking.

From then on, every layover night in Harlem, I explored new places. I first got a room at the Harlem YMCA because it was less than a block from Small's Paradise. Then I got a room, cheaper, at a rooming house where most of the railroad men stayed. I hung in Small's and the Braddock bar so much that the bartenders began to pour bourbon, my favorite brand of it, when they saw me. And the steady customers in both places, the hustlers in Small's and the musicians and entertainers in the Braddock, began to call me "Red," the nickname that my red conk made natural, I know.

My musical friends were of the caliber of Duke Ellington's great drummer, Sonny Greer, and that great personality with the violin, Ray Nance. Ray's the one who sang that wild "cat" style, that "bloo-blop-ble-blop-bla-bloo-bla-bla-bla—" Remember that? And people like Cootie Williams; a little later on Pearl Bailey sang with Cootie. And Eddie (Mr. Cleanhead) Vinson; in the Braddock he'd kid me about his conk—he had nothing up there but skin. He was hitting the heights then with his *Hey, Pretty Mama, Chuck Me in Your Big Brass Bed*. I knew Cy Oliver; he was married to a kind of red girl, and they lived up on



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5 lbs. of flour

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At a Harlem rally for Muslims, Malcolm exhibits blurring showing racial clash.

*Death by violence has brushed
Malcolm X three times—as a child,
as a hustler, as a Muslim.*



Fidel Castro met Malcolm when he came to the United Nations, faithfully protect him.



Solidarity: tactical talk with the Rev. Galamison (left) and Rep. Adam Clayton Powell.

Malcolm X

"Sugar Hill," was in a lot of trouble for Tommy Dorsey. They had a laughing bet going among the waiters that I wasn't going to last. Because I had so rapidly become such a wild young Negro. I'd come to work loud and wild and half high off either liquor or reefer, and I'd stay that way, jamming sandwiches at people until we got to New York. On the train I'd go through that Grand Central Station afternoon rush-hour crowd, and many people simply stopped in their tracks to watch me pass. The drape and the cut of a root suit showed to the best advantage. If you were tall, remember—I was over six feet. My neck was fire-red. My hair—red, orange-colored. "Pickup" trucks were the Cadillacs of shoes in those days. (They made these ridiculous styles for sale only in the black ghettos where ignorant Negroes like me would pay the big-name price.) And then, between Small's Paradise, the Braddock Hotel, and other places, as much as my \$20 or \$25 would let me, with my increasing number of friends I drank liquor, smoked marijuana, and got a few hours' sleep before the Yankee Clipper rolled again.

What did me in was that when some passenger wrote the New Haven line a mad letter, the conductors backed it up, telling how many verbal complaints they'd had, and how many warnings I'd been given. I didn't care. Life quitting the railroad was in my mind only a matter of time anyway. And I knew that the way the Army was snatching up anybody who was warm and able to walk, all the jobs I could want were going begging.

Back in New York, stony broke, I went up to Small's Paradise. One of the bartenders called the aside and said that if I went downstairs right away to the office, I might be able to replace a day waiter who was about to go into the Army.

Ed Small and his brother, Charlie, had seen me in the place so much that it made it pretty easy. They also knew I was a railroad man, which, for a waiter, was the best kind of recommendation. It was in 1942, just past my 17th birthday.

With Small's practically in the center of everything happening, writing tables there was Seventh Heaven seven times over! Charlie Small had told me not to be late! Why, what was he talking about?

I was so anxious to be there, I'd arrive an hour early! Inside of a week I don't know who liked me most, the cooks or the bartenders. And the customers, who had seen me among them around the bar, recognizing me now in the waiter's jacket, were surprised, pleased, and they wouldn't have been more friendly. Recognizing that by New York terms I still was just a klick, they began to school me. Every day I listened raptly to one or several of the customers who felt like talking—these seasoned, mature "hustlers"—and it all added to my "education." Particularly, my ears absorbed like sponges when some of them in a state burst of confidence, or a little beyond his usual number of drinks, would tell me "inside" things about the particular forms of hustling that he pursued.

Plain-clothes detectives were quietly identified to me, by a nod, a wink. Knowing the low people in the area was elementary for the hustlers, and, like them, in time, I would learn to sense almost the presence of any police and agent types. And added to the civilian ones then in

1942, each station-dre Every da \$40 a day— here, and d buy as soon ear chance so-one, but turned by ing." For one penny combination number 840 cover 840.

Detroit

"The daily each got I turned in, a controller the runner might have ing for him out of w "hustlers," the police, I should have for because it me. Actual most of w "square," or three n Harlem h mended b Department ask where

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Once, w she sound get away She told some well was in the she didn't between difference.

When I enough it was inevit nickname my confu and well-t I had met Red," a p I was sen time for toward o Philadelp Red." In waiter lat washer o good bud being fun and night reason w nized me Anyway, forest peo pan, wou New Yo town La Gradual Red"—a



Malcolm X exhibits blurring showing racial clash.

Violence has brushed
three times—as a child,
hustler, as a Muslim.



When he came to the United Nations, failed to convert him.



At the Rev. Garrison (left) and Rep. Adam Clayton Powell.

Malcolm X

...Hill," and he did a lot of ...
...for Tommy Dorsey.

By that time, on the *Yankee Clipper*, they had a laughing bet going among the waiters that I wasn't going to last. Because I had so rapidly become such a wild young Negro. I'd come to work, loud and wild and half high off either liquor or reefer, and I'd stay that way, jamming sandwiches at people until we got to New York. Off the train I'd go through that Grand Central Station afternoon rush-hour crowd, and many people simply stopped in their tracks to watch me pass. The drape and the cut of a zoot suit showed to the best advantage if you were tall, remember—and I was over six feet. My conk was fire-red. My long-toed, orange-colored "kickup" shoes were the Cadillacs of shoes in those days. (They made these ridiculous styles for sale only in the black ghettos where ignorant Negroes like me would pay the big-name price.) And then, between Small's Paradise, the Braddock Hotel, and other places, as much as my \$20 or \$25 would let me, with my increasing number of friends I drank liquor, smoked marijuana, and got a few hours' sleep before the *Yankee Clipper* rolled again.

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1942, each of the military services had ...
...\$10 a day—I would gamble up the numbers, and dream of what I would do and buy as soon as I "hit." The straight number chances of taking over a ...
...to-one, but your chances could be increased by what was called "combining." For example, six cents would put one penny on each of the six possible combinations of three digits. Take the number 640, say. "Combined," it would cover 640, 804, 048, 408 and 084.

"Detroit Red"

The daily small army of "runners" each got 10 percent of the money they turned in, along with the bet slips, to their "controllers." (And if you hit, you gave the runner a 10 percent tip.) A controller might have as many as 50 runners working for him, and the controller got 5 percent of what he turned over to the "bankers," who paid off the bets, paid off the police, and, off the balance, got rich.

I should stress that Small's wasn't any haven for criminals. I dwell upon hustlers because it was their world that fascinated me. Actually, for the night-life crowd, most of which the hustlers regarded as "square," Small's was one of the two or three most decorous night spots that Harlem had. It was formally recommended by the New York City Police Department to white people who would ask where was safe to go in Harlem.

From time to time I'd have Sophia come over from Boston to see me. She would come in on a late-afternoon train, and come to Small's and I'd introduce her around until I got off. We would make it to the Braddock Hotel bar, where she would nearly have a fit with anyone some of the "babe" audacious who would greet me like an old friend. "Hey, Red—who have we got here?" And they would make an over her. They wouldn't let me even think about paying for the drinks I ordered.

Once, when I called Sophia in Boston, she sounded funny. She said she couldn't get away until the following weekend. She told me that she had just married some well-to-do Boston white fellow. He was in the service. She went on to say she didn't mean for it to change a thing between us. I told her it made me no difference.

When I had been around Harlem long enough to show signs of permanence, it was inevitable that I was going to get a nickname that would identify me beyond any confusion with two other red conked and well-known "Reds" who were around. I had met them both. One was "St. Louis Red," a professional armed robber. When I was sent to prison, he was doing some time for trying to stick up a dining-car steward on a train between New York and Philadelphia. The other one was "Chicago Red." In a speakeasy where I was a waiter later on, he was the funniest dishwasher on this earth, and we became good buddies. Now he's making his living being funny as a nationally known stage and nightclub comedian. (I don't see any reason why old "Chicago Red" would mind me telling that he is "Redd Foxx.") Anyway, before long, it happened. Different people, knowing I was from Michigan, would ask me what city. Since most New Yorkers never had heard of hick-town Lansing, I would say "Detroit." Gradually, I began being called "Detroit Red"—and it spread, and stuck.

It was class to be recognized as a client of West Indian Archie.

office. "I just did something, Charlie," I said, "I don't know why I did it —"

And I told him what I'd done. Charlie looked at me. "I wish you hadn't done that, Red." We both knew what he meant.

When the West Indian plain-clothes detective, Charlie Baris, came in, I was waiting. When we got to the 135th Street precinct, it was busy with police in uniform. I reflected that two things were in my favor: I'd never given the police any trouble, and when that black spy soldier had tried to tip me, I had waved it away and told him I was just doing him a favor. I saw some other detectives sidemouthing with Charlie Baris, and I think that when these factors were discussed, they sort of agreed that Charlie Baris should just scare me.

Even more bitter to take than the just getting fired, they barred me out of Small's. I could understand. Even if I wasn't actually what was called "hot," I automatically was going to be under surveillance now; the brothers had to protect their business. I wasn't a qualified hustler as yet, but I surely had become schooled in their code. I was broke and on my own again, 18 years old.

Sammy, "Pretty Boy," one of the plunks, proved to be my friend in need. He put word on the "wire" for me to come over to his place. I went; I never had been there. His place seemed to me a small palace; his women really kept him in style. While we talked, about what

kind of a hustle should I best get into. Sammy had the best marijuana I'd ever used. Peddling reefers, Sammy and I pretty soon agreed, was the best thing.

Both Sammy and I knew some merchant seamen, and others, who could supply me with loose marijuana. And musicians, among whom I had so many good contacts, were the heaviest consistent customers for reefers—and then they always for the heavier narcotics if I later wanted to graduate to peddling them. I had the advantage that I had been around long enough to either know, or guess, most regular detectives and cops, though not the narcotics people. Sammy asked me, about \$20.

I sold reefers like a wild man. Every day I cleared at least thirty or forty dollars. I felt, for the first time in my life, that great feeling of free! Suddenly, now, I was the peer of other smooth young hustlers around.

The narcotics-squad detectives didn't take long to pick up that I was selling, and different ones of them would tell me once in a while. One morning, though, I came in and found my room ransacked. It was then that I began carrying a little .25 automatic. I carried it stuck right down the center of my back, pressed under my belt. Someone had told me that the cops never hit there when they gave you any routine patting-down. I sold less than I had before because, mainly, being careful consumed so much time. I was then, finally, that the

parcels squad of Harlem had me on its

"I would like to know what you were doing that day or so, and usually in some public place, some of them would come up, add flash this badge to search me. But I would tell them right off, loud enough for others to hear me, people standing about, that I didn't have anything on me, and I didn't want to get anything 'planted' on me, and then they wouldn't, because Harlem already thought little enough of the law, and they did have to be careful that some crowd of Negroes, figuring they had witnessed a 'frame,' could set off even a race riot.

A Boston draft board, after I didn't respond at Ella's, had contacted her, and then had contacted their New York counterpart, and, in care of Sammy, I received Uncle Sam's "Greetings." I had about 10 days to go before I was to show up at the induction center. And I went right to work. I knew I wasn't even allowed to get hooked into any Army!

The Army "intelligence" soldiers, those black spies in civilian clothes that hang around in different places with their ears open for the white man downtown, oh, yes, I knew right where to start dropping the word! I started dropping it around that I was frantic to join—the Japanese Army. When I learned, knew, that I had the direct cars of some of the "spies" I would talk, and act, high and crazy. I'd snatch out, and read loudly, my Greetings—to make certain they got who I was, and when I'd report downtown. And the day I went down there—well, I consumed like a model. With my wild 2004 suit and the yellow knock-toe shoes, I'd frizzed my hair up into a crazy reddish bush of curls.

Let me tell you—when I went to ship-ping and tipping, and through my shattered

Try out any General Electric

... don't convince you to

Greetings at the reception desk's white soldier—"Crazy-O, Daddy-O, get me moving. I can't wait to get in that brown"—why I will bet you that soldier hasn't recovered from me yet. They had their wife from up town on me, all right—I could tell from his expression when his gaze at my Greetings confirmed the name to him.

"KUH up crackers"

But they still put me in the line. And I had meanwhile sized up the situation. In that old starting room were maybe 40 or 50 other planned inductees. The room had fallen vacuum-quiet, with me running my mouth a mile a minute, talking nothing but slang. I was going to fight on off tonight; I was going to be a general, man, before I got done, and such talk as that. Most of them in there were white, of course. The tender-looking ones appeared ready to run from me. Some others had on that vinegary "here's the worst kind of nigger" look. And a few were amused at the "Harlem jigaboo" archetype.

Also amused were some of the room's maybe 10 or 12 Negroes. But the stony-faced rest of them looked as though if they were about to sign up to go off killing somebody, they would have liked to start killing me right there.

You see, why I made these Negroes really so mad was they were these integration-type Negroes. And what I was doing was confirming white people's image of Negroes right there among some of the white people that they were so anxious to get integrated with. And they knew those crackers probably would go to their graves fighting integration, after the show I was putting on.

The line moved along. Pretty soon, stripped to my shorts, I was making my eager-to-join comments in the medical examination rooms—and everybody in the white coats that I saw had 4-F in his eyes. I went all the way, though, which was longer than I had expected, before they alighted me off. One of the white coats accompanied me around a turning hallway; I knew we were on the way to a "headshrinker."

I must say this for that psychiatrist. He tried to be objective and professional in his manner. He sat there and doodled with his blue pencil on a tablet, listening to me spout to him probably three or four minutes before he got a word in. His tact was quiet questions, to get at why was I so anxious. I kept jerking around, backward, as though somebody could be listening. I knew I was going to send him back to the boobies to figure what kind of a case I was. Suddenly, I sprang up and peeped wider both doors, the one I'd entered and another that probably was a closet. And then I bent and whispered fast in his ear. "Daddy-O, now you and me, we're from up north here, so don't you tell nobody... I want to get sent down South. Organize them nigger soldiers, you dig? Steal us some guns, and kill up crackers!"

A 4-F card came in the mail, and I never heard from the Army anymore.

Months of my reputation around it was easy for me to get into the numbers racket—about the only hustle left in Harlem that hadn't fallen off in business. My job now was to ride a bus across the George Washington Bridge, where a fellow who was always waiting would hand me a bag of sambo-baiting slips. We didn't speak. I'd cross the street and

catch the next bus back to Harlem. I never knew who that fellow was. I never knew who picked up the betting money for the slips that I picked up. In the racket you don't ask questions. My boss, his wife and their daughter would be waiting in a room when I would arrive, just shortly before the day's first number was announced from downtown.

Our numbers-world ethics code was that I should play with a runner of my own outfit. That was how I began placing bets with "West Indian Archie." This was one of Harlem's really bad Negroes, one of those former Dutch Schultz strong-arm men who were around. It was status and status just to be known as a client of West Indian Archie.

One afternoon West Indian Archie paid me \$300 out of his pocket for a 50-cent combination bet. I was planning to go out on a date. Later, when I got to the apartment of my friend Sammy, he told me that West Indian Archie had been there, looking for me. I couldn't figure out why. Anyway, Sammy and I snuffed some cocaine to kill the time before I would go out and pick up my date. Then there was the knocking at the door. Sammy, lying on his bed in pajamas and a bathrobe, called "Who?"

When West Indian Archie answered, Sammy said under the bed that round, two-sided shaving mirror with what little of the cocaine powder—or crystals, actually—was left, and I opened the door. "Red—I want my money!"

"What's what's the bet?" "West Indian Archie said he'd thought I was trying something when I'd told him I'd bet a 50-cent combination number. But he'd gone on and paid me the \$300 until he could double-check his actual

written betting slips; now he thought I hadn't combined the number I'd claimed, but another number.

"I'll give you until twelve o'clock tomorrow to get that money back." And that mad, mean West Indian put his hand behind him and pulled open the door. He backed out, and slammed it. It was a classic theater-code impulse. The \$300 wasn't the problem. I had maybe about \$200 of it. But once the wire had it, any retreat by either of us was unthinkable. The wire would be awaiting the report of the big showdown. I could see people who knew me finding business elsewhere. I knew nobody wanted to be maybe caught in a crossfire.

I just stayed high for a few days, but I was scared.

Some raw kid heifer, a bar, I had to beat in his mouth. He came back, pulling a blade; I would have shot him, but somebody grabbed him. As I was known, and they feared me, they kept him out, knowing that he was going to kill me.

Things were building up, clanging on me. I was trapped in cock turfs, West Indian Archie gunning for me. The feared kid hustler I'd hit. The cops.

When I heard the city cops, I was walking at St. Nicholas Avenue. But my ears were hearing a gun. I didn't dream the horn could possibly be for me.

"Hornsey!" I jerked around; I wasn't that close to shooting.

Sherry, a black hustler, I'd scared him nearly to death.

"Daddy-O!" I couldn't have been thinking to see my mother! I knew Sherry had hit his number and that he was playing dates around Boston with his own band.

A devil race arrives—a race of bleached-out white people.

Malcolm X

Inside the car he told me Sammy had telephoned how I was jammed up tight and he'd better come and get me. I didn't put up any objections to leaving town. I brought out and stuffed into the car's trunk what little stuff I cared to hang onto. Then we hit the highway and drove back to Boston. He afterward told me that through just about the whole ride back, I talked all out of my head.

My sister Ella couldn't believe how atheist, how uncouth I had become. Even Shorty, whose Boston apartment I now again shared, wasn't prepared for how I lived and thought like a predatory animal.

Sophia's being back around was one of Shorty's biggest kicks about my homecoming. It just happened that Shorty was "between" women when one night Sophia brought to the house and introduced her 17-year-old sister. I never saw anything like the way that she and Shorty nearly jumped for each other. For him, she wasn't only a white girl, but a young white girl. For her, he wasn't only a Negro, but a Negro musician.

Now I knew that I'd have to have a hustle. Just satisfying my cocaine habit alone cost me about \$20 a day. I guess another \$5 a day could have been added for reefers and just plain tobacco.

When I opened the subject of house burglary with Shorty, he really shocked me by how quickly he agreed. Shorty wanted to bring in with us this friend of his, whom I had met, and liked, called "Sonny." He worked regularly for an employment agency that sent him to wait on tables at exclusive parties at exclusive people's homes. I felt that Shorty was absolutely right in wanting Sonny to join us in burglarizing homes. A good burglary team included a "finder"—one who locates lucrative places to rob. Then another principal need is someone able to "case" these places' physical layouts—to determine means of entry, the best get-away routes, and so forth. Sonny qualified as a two-in-one find. By being *aw* to work in the finest homes, he wouldn't be suspected when he sized up their loot and eased the joint, just running around looking busy with a white coat on.

Our "fence" didn't work with us directly. He had a representative, an ex-con, who dealt with me and no one else in my gang. You would be surprised how efficient we became. In no time we'd be running with the stolen loot to the parked car that took off for the "drop" previously arranged between me and the representative for the fence. We were going along fine. We'd make a good pile and then lie low a while, living it up. We'd time the burglaries so that Shorty still played with his band, Sonny never missed table-waiting at his exclusive parties.

But it's a law of nature that every criminal expects to get caught. I had put a stolen watch into a jewelry shop for its broken crystal to be replaced. It was about two days later, when I went to pick up the watch, that things fell apart. I had on my gun in the shoulder holster, under my coat. The loser of the watch, the person from whom it had been stolen, had described the repair that it needed. It was a very expensive watch, that's why I had kept it for myself. And all of the jewelers in Boston had been alerted. That's how I was arrested.

The judge gave Shorty eight to 10

years. I got 10 years. They took Shorty and me, handcuffed together, to the state prison in Charlestown. This was in February, 1946. I wasn't quite to the formal manhood age of 21.

In that Charlestown jail I found out fast you could buy drugs. But I made so much trouble and spent so much time in solitary that I sweated out all my habits "cold turkey." Many times I thought I was going to die—but even this was only part of the total transformation that was to come over me.

My brothers and sisters began sending me letters about a new, natural religion for the black man. One day Reginald wrote, "Don't eat any more pork." I tried it and did it, and for the first time in a long while I began to get a little feeling of self-respect, though I hardly knew even how to identify the feeling. Reginald wrote more, about the worship of Allah and the American teacher of Islam, the Honorable Mr. Elijah Muhammad. I learned that when Mr. Muhammad went to Detroit he actually stayed at my brother Wilfred's place. It was my sister Hilda who told me that Mr. Muhammad himself had been in prison, for draft dodging, and she suggested that I write to him. And on one visit she explained to me the key lesson of Elijah Muhammad's teachings, which I later learned was the "demonology" that every religion has. Called "Yacub's History," once it is accepted by any black man, he will never again see the white man with the same eyes.

First, the moon separated from the earth. Then, the first humans, Original Man, were a black people. They founded the Holy City Mecca.

Among this black race were 24 wise scientists. One of the scientists, at odds with the rest, created the especially strong black tribe of Shabazz, from which America's Negroes, so-called, descend.

About 6,800 years ago, when 70 percent of the people were satisfied, and 30 percent were dissatisfied, was born a "Mr. Yacub." He was born to create trouble, to break the peace, and to kill. His head was unusually large. When he was four years old, he began school, on the way to becoming highly educated.

At the age of 18, Yacub had finished all of his nation's colleges and universities. He was known as "the big-head scientist." Among many other things he had learned how to scientifically breed races.

This big-head scientist, Mr. Yacub, began preaching in the streets of Mecca, making such hosts of converts that the authorities, increasingly concerned, finally exiled him with his 59,999 followers to the island of Patmos—described in the Bible as the island where John supposedly received the message contained in Revelations in the New Testament.

Though he was a black man, Mr. Yacub, embittered toward Allah now, decided, as revenge, to create upon the earth a "devil" race—a bleached-out, white race of people!

He knew that it would take him several total color-change stages to get from black to white. Mr. Yacub began his work by setting up a birth-control law there on the island of Patmos.

There, among Mr. Yacub's 59,999 followers, every third or so child that was born would show some trace of brown. As these became adult, only brown and brown, or black and brown, were per-

mitted to marry. As their children were born, Mr. Yacub's law dictated that, if a black child, the attending nurse or midwife should stick a needle into its brain and give the body to cremators. The mothers were told it had been an "angel baby," which had gone to heaven, to prepare a place for her.

But a brown child's mother was told to take very good care of it.

Others, assistants, were trained by Mr. Yacub to continue his objective. Mr. Yacub, when he died on the island at the age of 152, had left laws and rules for them to go by. Mr. Yacub, except in his mind, never saw the "bleached-out devil race" that his procedures created.

A 200-year span was needed to eliminate on the island of Patmos all of the black people—until only brown people remained.

The next 200 years were needed to create from the brown race the red race—with no more browns left on the island.

In another 200 years from the red race was created the yellow race.

Two hundred years later—about 6,000 years ago—at last, the white race had been created.

On the island of Patmos was nothing but these blond, pale-skinned, cold-blue-eyed devils—savages, nude and shameless; hairy, like animals, they walked on all fours and they lived in trees.

Six hundred more years passed before this race of people returned to the mainland among the natural black people.

Within six months of time through telling lies that set the black men to fighting among each other, this devil race had turned what had been a peaceful Heaven on earth into a hell torn by quarreling and fighting. Then the whites ruled.

It was written that after Yacub's bleached-white race had ruled the world for 6,000 years—down to our time—then the black original race would give birth to one whose wisdom, knowledge and power would be infinite. It was written that some of the original black people should be brought as slaves to North America—to learn to better understand, firsthand, the white devil's true nature, in modern times.

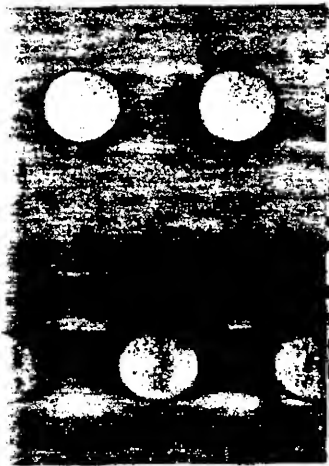
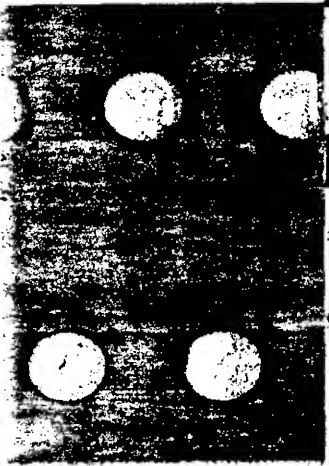
The greatest and mightiest God who appeared on the earth was Master W. D. Fard. He came from the East to the West, appearing in North America at a time when the history and the prophecy was coming to realization, as the nonwhite people all over the world began to rise.

Master W. D. Fard, in 1931, posing as a seller of silks, met, in Detroit, Mich., the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. He gave Allah's message to Elijah and Allah's divine guidance, to save "the Lost-Found Nation of Islam," the so-called Negroes, here in "this wilderness of America."

When my sister, Hilda, had finished telling me this "Yacub's History," she left. I don't know if I was able, even, to open my mouth and tell her "good-bye."

I did write to The Honorable Elijah Muhammad. He sent me a typed reply. It had an all but electrical effect on me to actually see the signature of the Messenger of Allah. He told me to have courage. He even enclosed some money for me, a five-dollar bill. Mr. Muhammad to this day sends money all over the country to prison inmates who write to him.

I began pretty soon to write to people in the hustling world that I had known, such as my close friend Sammy, the pimp,



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John, Jr.

Going crazy, or trying some "hype" to shake up the warden.

Malcom X

or the different dope peddlers. I told them all about Allah and Islam and Mr. Elijah Muhammad. What surely went on the Harlem and Roxbury wares was that "Detroit Red," in "sit," either was going crazy, or he was trying some "hype" to shake up the warden's office, through writing what the prison censors obviously would report.

I got frustrated at how I could get express what I wanted to convey in letters. When I started trying to figure what to do about that, I saw that the best thing I could get hold of was a dictionary to study, to learn some words. Probably I spent two days just uncertainly rifling through the pages of that dictionary. I never had realized there were so many words. I didn't know which words for a better vocabulary! Anyway, finally, the only way I saw to get some kind of action, I began copying—in a couple of weeks, without having had any original intention in the world of even thinking of doing such a thing, the A section of the dictionary had filled a whole tablet, and I just naturally went on into the B's. That was the way I started copying. Eventually, the entire dictionary, it went a lot faster after, through the practice. I had picked up handwriting speed. It was inevitable, I suppose, that as my word base broadened, for the first time, I could pick up a book and actually understand what the book was saying. I had meanwhile been transferred to

Norfolk Prison Colony, a rehabilitation center for model prisoners. This was because my disposition had improved and because Ella was working for me with the authorities outside. Let me tell you something! From then until I left that prison, within its routine, in all of the free time I had, I was in the library picking up some more books.

Two other areas of experience which have been extremely formative in my life were first tasted there in prison. For one thing I had my first experiences in communicating Mr. Muhammad's teachings to some of the black prisoners. And, the other thing, when I had read enough to know something to talk with, I began to get into the weekly debating program.

I'd "knock out" my brother Reginald when he visited me in prison, telling him things I'd found that contradicted the Muslim teachings.

But Reginald, I learned later, had actually been suspended from the Nation of Islam by The Messenger Elijah Muhammad, charged with immorality. After he had learned the truth, and had accepted the truth and the laws of the Muslim, he still was reportedly carrying on improper relations with some woman of his who lived in New York. Some other Muslims who learned of it had made charges against Reginald to Mr. Muhammad in New York. Reginald, I learned later, had suspended Reginald. I was in a torment. Finally, I wrote to Mr. Muhammad, trying to defend my

brother, appealing for him. I told him what Reginald was to me, what my brother meant to me. I put the letter into the box for the prison censor. Then, all of the rest of that night, I prayed to Allah. I don't think that anyone ever prayed more sincerely to Allah. I prayed for some kind of relief from my terrible confusion.

It was that night, or, rather, it was the next night, I lay on my bed. And I suddenly, with a start, became aware of a man sitting beside me in my chair. He had on a dark suit, I remember. I could see him as plainly as I see anyone I look at. He wasn't black, and he wasn't white. He was light-brownskinned, an Asiatic complexion, and had oily black hair.

He just sat there. Then, as suddenly as he had come, he was gone. Later, of course, I learned that my provision was of Master W.D. Fard, the Messiah, who had appointed Mr. Elijah Muhammad as his Last Messenger to the black people of North America.

Greater than Allah

Gradually I saw the chastisement of Allah—what Christians would call "the cure"—come upon Reginald. He had begun to lose his mind—as we know Muslims in prison, since I had become a Muslim, I had grown a beard. He visited me, he moved nervously about in his chair, he told me that each hair of my beard was a snake. He saw snakes everywhere.

He next began to believe that his

the Messenger of Allah. He went around in the streets of Roxbury, Ella relayed to me, telling people that he had some divine power. He graduated from that to saying that he was Allah.

And, finally, he began saying that he was greater than Allah.

Authorities picked up Reginald, and he was put into an asylum, and stayed. It was spring, 1952, when I joyously wrote to Mr. Elijah Muhammad and to my family that the Massachusetts state parole board had voted that I should be released. My record was good, and it may have helped that they knew I was a Muslim. Maybe they wanted me removed from spreading Mr. Muhammad's teachings among other Negro convicts. I was paroled into the custody of my oldest brother, Wilfred, in Detroit, who now managed a furniture store. Wilfred got the man who owned the store to sign that upon release I would immediately be given employment.

Wilfred invited me to share his home and I gratefully accepted. The furniture store that my brother Wilfred managed was right in the black ghetto of Detroit. Numerous Downside verminants drew poor Negroes into the store like flies. It was a shame, the way they paid probably three and four times what the furniture had cost, because they could get credit. It was the same kind of cheap, gaudy-looking junk that you can see in any of the black ghetto furniture stores today. Fabrications were supplied on the spot. Imagination "bopped skin" bedspreads, "tiger skin" rugs, such stuff as that. I would not, I thought, calibrate hands' stretching the signatures on this contract, spreading the highway robbery interest rates in the area that never was real.

Mosque No. 1 in Detroit was the first mosque to be formed, back in 1931, by Master W. D. Fard and the Messenger Elijah Muhammad. I had never seen any Christian-believing Negroes conduct themselves like the Muslims who came, the individuals and the families alike. The men were quietly, tastefully dressed. The women wore ankle-length gowns, no jewelry and scarves covered their heads. The children were mannerly and neat.

On the Sunday before Labor Day in 1952 Detroit Mosque No. 1 Muslims went in a motor caravan, about 10 automobiles of us, to visit the Chicago Mosque No. 2, to hear, in person, The Messenger Elijah Muhammad.

I was unprepared, totally, for the Messenger Elijah Muhammad's physical impact upon my emotions. From the rear of Mosque No. 2 he came toward the platform. The small, brown face, the sensitive, gentle face that I had studied on photographs until I had seen it in dreams, was fixed straight ahead as the Messenger strode, encircled by the marching, strapping "Fruit of Islam" guards. The Messenger, compared to them, seemed fragile, almost tiny. He and the Fruit of Islam were dressed in dark suits, white shirts and bow ties. The Messenger wore a gold-embroidered hat. Hearing his voice, I sat leaning forward, riveted upon his words. That Sunday after the meeting Mr. Muhammad, who had been Wilfred's houseguest, invited our entire family group and minister Lemuel Hassan to be his guests for dinner at his new home.

I talked with my brother Wilfred back in Detroit. I offered my services to our mosque's minister, Lemuel Hassan. He shared my determination that we should apply the Messenger's teachings in a

recruitment drive. Beginning that day, every evening, straight from work at the furniture store, I went doing what we Muslims later came to call "fishing." I knew the streets' language, and I thought, "My man, let me pull your coat to something—"

My application had, of course, been made, and I received from Chicago my "X" during this time. The X for the Muslim was a symbol for the true African family name that he never could know; it would replace the white-slave-master name which had been imposed upon my paternal forebears by some blue-eyed devil. It meant, the receipt of my X, that in the Nation of Islam thereafter I would be known as Malcolm X.

Within a few months of our plunging away, our storefront Mosque No. 1 about tripled its membership. And we had so deeply pleased Mr. Muhammad that he paid us the honor of a personal visit. He gave me warm praise when minister Lemuel Hassan expressed how hard I had labored in the cause of Islam.

And soon after that minister Lemuel Hassan urged me to make an extemporaneous lecture to the brothers and sisters. I was hesitant—but at least I had debated in prison. I tried my best.

In the summer of 1953—all praise is due to Allah—I was named Detroit Mosque No. 1's assistant minister. Every time I could get off, I would go to Chicago and see Mr. Elijah Muhammad. He encouraged me to come when I could, like, and I was treated like another son, or another brother, by Mr. Muhammad and his dark, good wife Sister Clara Muhammad, and their children, and his dear mother, Mother Marie.

I would sit, galvanized, hearing from

Mr. Muhammad's own mouth the true history of our religion, the true religion for the black man. Mr. Muhammad told me that he one evening had a revelation that Master W. D. Fard represented the fulfillment of the prophecy, that on the Last Day the Messiah would come as lighting from the East and appear in the West to resurrect the Lost Sheep and restore them forever to their own people.

In 1934, ready to leave, Master W. D. Fard called together all of his ministers. He instructed them that Mr. Elijah Muhammad was to be the Messenger to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam—who was the black man—in the wilderness of North America.

When Master W. D. Fard disappeared without a trace,

Mr. Muhammad invited me to live at his home in Chicago while he trained me for months. Then in March, 1954, the Messenger moved me on to Philadelphia. The City of Brother Love black people reacted fast. And Philadelphia's Mosque No. 12 was established by the end of May. It had taken a little under three months.

The next month, because of that Philadelphia success, Mr. Muhammad appointed me to be the minister of Mosque No. 7—in vital New York City! It was nine years since West Indian Archie and I had been strolling the streets, momentarily expecting to try and shoot each other down like dogs.

When I got back to Harlem I quickly found out from the wire that West Indian Archie was just another penniless old man. I went to see him and he told me, "Red! I am so glad to see you!" I pressed some money on him and told him a little about the Nation of Islam. I also found out that Archie was out of jail and had

another small black Jimmy, the pimp, they told me had married a young girl, and then been found dead across his bed one morning—they said with \$25,000 in his pockets.

I keep having to remind myself that then Mosque No. 7 in New York City was a little storefront. We delivered the best fishing audience of all, by far the best conditioned audience for Mr. Muhammad's teachings: the Christian churches. We went fishing fast and furiously when those little evangelist storefront churches let out their 30 to 50 people on the sidewalk. "Come to hear us, brother, sister—" These congregations were usually Southern-migrant people, usually older people, who would go anywhere to hear what they called "good preaching." These were the church congregations who were always putting out little signs announcing that inside they were selling fried-chicken-and-chitterlings dinners to raise some money. And three or four nights a week they were in their storefront rehearsing for the next Sunday, I guess, shaking and rattling and rolling the Gospel with their guitars and tambourines. I knew the mosque that I could build if I could really get to those Christians.

But I knew also that our strict moral code of discipline was what repelled them most. I fled at this point, at the reason for our code: "The white man wants black men to stay immoral, unclean and ignorant."

The code, of course, had to be explained to any who were suddenly interested in becoming Muslims. Any formulation was absolutely forbidden in the Nation of Islam. Any eating of the filthy pork, or other impurities or unwholesome foods; any use of tobacco, alcohol or

DOWN and down over the past 30 years has dropped the price people pay for electricity. The average price per kilowatt-hour for home use is less than half what it was 30 years ago, thanks to research and development—and the ever-increasing use of appliances.



Despite these Muslim pickets, Malcolm prefers able racials, not "foul" liberals.

Muslims X

muslims. No Muslim could dance, gamble, date, attend movies, or sports, or take long vacations from work. Muslims slept no more than health required. Any domestic quarreling, any discourtesy, especially to women, was disallowed. No lying, or stealing was permitted, or no insubordination to civil authority, except on the grounds of religious obligation.

Our moral laws were policed by our Fruit of Islam—able and dedicated and trained Muslim men. Infractions resulted in suspension by Mr. Muhammad, or isolation for various periods, or even expulsion for the worst offenses, "from the only group that cares about you."

We had grown, by 1956—well, sizable. Every mosque had fished with enough success that there were far more Muslims especially in the major cities of Detroit, Chicago and New York than anyone ever would have guessed from the outside. In fact, as you know, in the really big cities you can have a very big organization that, if it makes no public show, or noise, no one will be aware that it is around.

I haven't made any mention of it before now, but I had always been so very careful to stay completely clear of any personal closeness with any of the Muslim sisters. My total commitment to Islam demanded having no other interests, especially, I felt, no women. But I hadn't been involved with many mosques where at least one single sister hadn't let out some broad hint that she thought I needed a wife.

Then this particular sister—well, in 1956, she joined Mosque No. 7. I just noticed her, not with the slightest interest, you understand. For about the next year I just noticed her. You know. It was Sister Betty X. She was tall. Brown-skinned—darker than I was. And she had brown eyes. But I didn't pay too much attention.

I knew she was a native of Detroit, and that at Tuskegee Institute down there in Alabama, she had been a student—an education major. She was in New York attending one of the big hospitals' School of Nursing. She lectured to the Muslim girls' and women's classes on hygiene and medical facts.

One day I thought it would help the women's classes if I took her—just because she happened to be an instructor—to the Museum of Natural History. I wanted to show her some museum displays having to do with the family tree of evolution that would help her in her lectures. I could show her actual proofs of Mr. Muhammad's teachings of such things as that the filthy pig is only a large

rodent. The pig is a graft between a rat, cat and dog, Mr. Muhammad taught.

Then, right after that, one of the older sisters confided to me a personal problem that Sister Betty X was having. When Sister Betty X had told her foster parents, who were financing her education, that she was a Muslim, they had given her a choice: leave the Muslims, or they'd cut off her nursing-school financing.

I got to turning it over in my mind. What would happen if I just should happen, sometime, to maybe think about maybe getting married to somebody? I was so shocked, at myself, when I realized what I was thinking. I quit going anywhere around Sister Betty X, or anywhere I knew she would be. Because she sure wasn't going to have any chance to embarrass me. I had heard too many women bragging, like, "I told that chump 'Get lost!'" I'd had too much of all kinds of experience to make a man very cautious.

But I told The Honorable Elijah Muhammad, when I visited him in Chicago that month, that I was thinking about a very serious step. He smiled when he heard what it was. Mr. Muhammad said that he'd like to meet this sister.

The Nation by this time was financially able enough that the expenses could be borne for different instructor sisters from different mosques, to be sent on a trip to Chicago to attend the Headquarters Mosque No. 2 women's classes,

and, while there, to meet The Honorable Elijah Muhammad in person. Sister Betty X, of course, knew all about this, so there was nothing for her to think when it was arranged for her to go to Chicago. And the all-student instructor sister she was the houseguest of The Messenger and Sister Clara Muhammad.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad told her that he thought that Sister Betty X was a fine sister, who would make a good Muslim wife. I proposed to her direct, "Look, do you want to get married?" She accepted surprised and delighted. The more I have thought about it, to this day I believe she was putting on an act. Because women know.

On the fourteenth of January, 1958, a Tuesday, we had driven out to Lansing, Mich., where my brother Philbert lived. We got the necessary blood tests, then the license. Then we went to the justice of the peace.

An old hunchbacked white devil performed the wedding. And all of the witnesses were devils. Where you are supposed to say all those "I do's," we did. They were all standing there, smiling and watching every move. The old devil said, "I pronounce you man and wife," and then, "kiss your bride."

I got her out of there, all of that Hollywood stuff! Like these women waiting men to pick them up and carry them across thresholds, and some of them weigh more than you do. I don't know how many marriage breakups aren't caused by these movie-and-television-addict women expecting some bouquets and kissing and hugging and being swept out like Cinderella for dinner and dancing—then getting mad when a poor, scraggedy husband comes in tired and sweaty from working like a dog all day, looking for some food.

We lived for the next two-and-a-half years in Queens, New York, sharing a house of two small apartments with Brother John Ali and his wife. He's the national secretary in Chicago.

Attilah, our oldest daughter, was born in November, 1958. She's named for



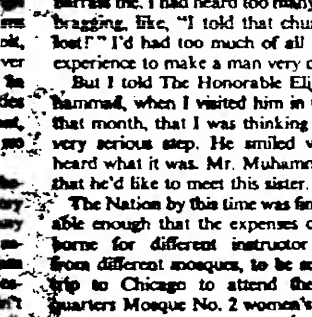
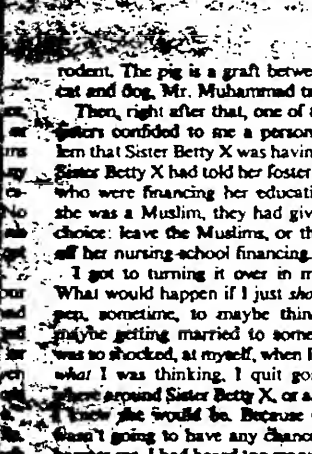
The Muslim sisterhood helps maintain high personal standards of modesty and simplicity in well-regulated family routines.



Arabic plays a part in aged to learn as much



...ing white racist, not "fear" liberals.



The Muslim sisterhood helps maintain high personal standards of modesty and simplicity in well-regulated family routine.

Sister who would make a good Muslim

and, while there, to meet The Honorable Elijah Muhammad in person. Sister Betty X, of course, knew all about this, so there was nothing for her to think when it was arranged for her to go to Chicago. And like all visiting instructor sisters she was the houseguest of The Messenger and Sister Clara Muhammad.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad told me that he thought that Sister Betty X was a fine sister, who would make a good Muslim wife. I proposed to her direct. "Look, do you want to get married?" She acted all surprised and shocked. The more I have thought about it, to this day I believe she was putting on an act. Because women know.

On the fourteenth of January, 1958, a Tuesday, we had driven out to Lansing, Mich., where my brother Philbert lived. We got the necessary blood tests, then the license. Then we went to the justice of the peace.

An old hunchbacked white devil performed the wedding. And all of the witnesses were devils. Where you are supposed to say all those "I do's," we did. They were all standing there, smiling and watching every move. The old devil said, "I pronounce you man and wife," and then, "kiss your bride."

I got her out of there. All of that Hollywood stuff! Like these women wanting men to pick them up and carry them across thresholds, and some of them weigh more than you do. I don't know how many marriage breakups aren't caused by these movie- and television-addict women expecting some bouquets and kissing and hugging and being swept out like Cinderella for dinner and dancing—then getting mad when a poor, scraggly husband comes in tired and sweaty from working like a dog all day, looking for some food.

We lived for the next two-and-a-half years in Queens, New York, sharing a house of two small apartments with Brother John Ali and his wife. He's the national secretary in Chicago.

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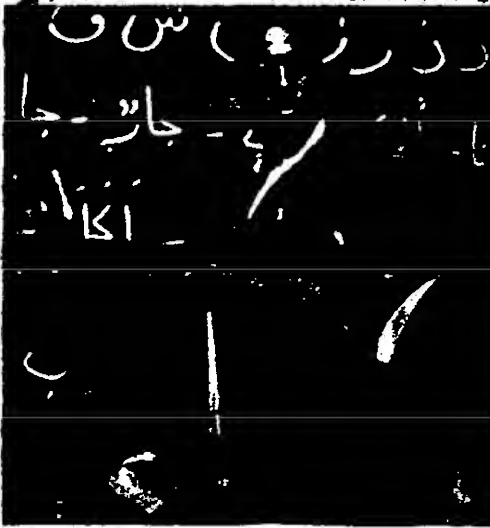
Attilah the Hun. (He attacked Rome.) Shortly after Attilah came, we moved to our present seven-room home in an all-black section of Queens.

Another girl, Quailah, named after Emperor Kallah Khalid, was born on Christmas Day of 1960. Then, Ilyasah ("Ilyas" is Arabic for Elijah) was born in July, 1962. We have just had a fourth child, who was going to be named "Lamumba," but it turned out to be another girl. And she has the feminine form, "Lamumbah," with an "h."

You know—any husband observing his wife, just like the other way around, the wife observes the husband. I guess by now I will say I love Betty. She's the only woman I ever even thought about loving. And she's one of the very few—four women—whom I have ever trusted. The thing is, Betty's a good Muslim woman and wife. You see, Islam is the only religion that gives both husband and wife a true understanding of what love is. The Western "love" concept, you take apart, it really is just. But Islam teaches us to look into the woman, and teaches her to look into us.

During the next years, radio and television people began asking me to defend our Nation of Islam's program in "panel discussions" and "debates" against hand-picked "scholars," both whites and some of those Ph.D. "house" and "yard" Negroes who had been attacking us.

Dr. C. Eric Lincoln's book about us was published amid widening controversy about us Muslims, just about the time that we were starting to put on our first big mass rallies. Now this book's title was *Black Muslims in America*. And we never could get that "Black Muslim" name dislodged. Later Mr. Muhammad directed that we would admit the white press. Fruit of Islam men thoroughly searched them, as everyone else was searched—their notebooks, their cameras, camera cases, and whatever else they carried. We were watched. Our telephones were tapped. If I said on my home telephone right today, "I'm going to bomb the Empire State Building," I guarantee you that in



The Muslim sisterhood helps maintain high personal standards of modesty and simplicity in well-regulated family routine.

Arabic plays a part in Muslim ritual, and members are encouraged to learn as much as possible; Malcolm still studies it.



Mrs. Malcolm X (Betty Shabazz) with son Ilyseah (right), daughters Qutbiyah (left), Lammiah and Elviah, posed for the celebrated "Reverend of God."

"Most-sought-after," after Barry.

Malcolm X

five minutes it would be surrounded. Speaking publicly, sometimes I'd guess which faces in the audience were FBI or other types of agents. Both the police and the FBI intently and persistently visited and questioned us. Mr. Muhammad said, "I do not fear them, I have all that I need, the truth."

And so, by 1961, our Nation of Islam flourished. Mr. Muhammad evidenced the depth of his trust in me. In certain areas he told me to make decisions myself. "Brother Malcolm, I want you to become well known," Mr. Muhammad said to me. "But, Brother Malcolm, there is something that you need to know. You will grow to be hated when you become well known. Because usually people will get jealous of public figures." Nearly every day some attack on "the Black Muslims" appeared in newspapers. Increasingly, a focal target was something I had said, or "Malcolm X" as an individual "demagogue."

Because as the Nation of Islam's minister in New York City in 1963, I was trying to cope with the newspaper and television reporters determined to defeat Mr. Muhammad's teachings.

The New York Times reported me to be, according to a poll which the Times had made on college and university campuses, "the second-most-sought-after" speaker at colleges and universities. The speaker ahead of me, "most-sought-after," was Sen. Barry Goldwater.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad, each time I would go to see him in Chicago, or Phoenix, would warm me with his expressions of his approval and confidence in me. He left me in charge of the Nation of Islam's affairs when he made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, Mecca. I would have bared myself between Mr. Muhammad and an assassin.

Now as far back as 1961, I had heard chance negative remarks concerning me, or veiled negative implications, or I noticed other early evidences of the envy and jealousy which Mr. Muhammad had prophesied. I was trying to "take over" the Muslims. I was "taking credit" for Mr. Muhammad's teaching. I was "trying to build an empire." But when I heard about how David took another man's wife, I'm that David. You read about Noah, who got drunk, that's me. You read about Lot, who went and laid up

hammad's wings had let me gain—plus the freedom that he had granted me to take liberties and do things on my own—and still have remained as faithful and as selfless a servant as I was. Yet I was very hypersensitive to internal critics.

Also, I could not help but hear some of the hints and rumors and vicious gossip that was going around, about the moral behavior of our leader. Just to hear these stories, why, it made me spooky with fear! But the stories got worse and even people outside the Nation began to hear them. I will only note, to be as brief as possible on this and to indicate my own reactions, that Mr. Muhammad is the defendant in two paternity suits in Los Angeles. I don't know how these suits, from two girls who once were his secretaries, are going to come out, but I do know that at the time I first heard those wicked speculations about his moral life, I could not ignore them.

By late 1962, a number of Muslims were leaving Mosque No. 2 in Chicago. I learned that reliably—and the ugly rumor was spreading swiftly there among non-Muslims, as well. So some months later I sat down and I wrote to Mr. Muhammad what poison was being spread about him. He had me to fly to his new home in Phoenix to see him in April, 1963.

We embraced, as always, and almost immediately he took the outside, where we began to walk by his swimming pool. "Well, son," he said, "what is on your mind?" Plainly, frankly, pulling no punches, I told Mr. Muhammad what was being said. And without waiting for any response from him, mentioned Bible passages about the sins of David, Moses, and Noah and discussed with him about how good deeds outweighed bad, and about the fulfillment of prophecy.

"Son, I'm not surprised," Elijah Muhammad said. "You always have had such a good understanding of prophecy, and of spiritual things. You recognize that's what all of this is—prophecy. You have the kind of understanding that only an old man has."

Submission

"I'm David," he said, "when you read about how David took another man's wife, I'm that David. You read about Noah, who got drunk, that's me. You read about Lot, who went and laid up

with his own daughters. I have to tell you of these things. I don't want to tell you that when an assassin is about to be executed, and someone is present, so that they are prepared to resist the virus. I decided to tell the other selected East Coast Muslim officials. I never dreamed that the Chicago Muslim officials were going to make it appear that I was throwing gasoline on the fire instead of water.

I expected hellfire momentarily. But I didn't expect the kind which came.

No one needs to be reminded that on November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Tex. Within hours after the assassination every Muslim minister received a directive from Mr. Muhammad—to make no remarks at all concerning the assassination. I had a previously scheduled speaking engagement in New York at the Manhattan Center. It wasn't canceled, and the question-and-answer period, someone asked me right off the bat, "What do you think about President Kennedy's assassination?"

And I said without a second thought what I honestly felt—that, as I saw it, it was a case of "the chickens coming home to roost." I said that the hate in white men had not stopped with the killing of defenseless black people, but that, allowed to spread unchecked, it had struck this country's Chief of State. BLACK MUSLIMS, MALCOLM X! CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST. That was promptly in headlines and on news broadcasts. The next day, I went to Chicago, on my monthly visit to Mr. Muhammad. "That was a very bad statement," he said. "The country loved this man. The whole country is in mourning. That was very ill-considered. A statement like that can make it hard on Muslims in general. I'll have to silence you for the next ninety days—so that the Muslims everywhere can be disassociated from the blunder."

I was numb. But I told Mr. Muhammad, "Sir, I agree with you, and I submit, one-hundred-percent."

When I got back to New York, prepared to tell my Mosque No. 7 assistants that I had been suspended, or, in my case, "silenced," I learned that already they had been informed. Next, an announcement was made that I would be reinstated within 90 days. "If he submits."

This made me suspicious for the first time. I had completely submitted. But Muslims were deliberately being given the implication that I had rebelled. Three days later the first word came to me that members of Mosque No. 7 were being told, "If you know what the Minister did, you'd go out and kill him yourself." As a one-time hustler, I sensed that once again I had to leave town fast.

I remembered Cassius Clay. We met first in 1962 at a Detroit rally for Elijah Muhammad. Today he does not share my feelings about Mr. Muhammad. But I must always be grateful to him that just at this time, when he was training in Miami to fight Sonny Liston, he invited me, Betty and the children to come there, as his guests, as a sixth-wedding anniversary present to Betty and me. Miami was Betty's first vacation since we had married. And our girls loved the heavyweight contender who romped and played with them. I was in a state of emotional shock. I made a prayer. I know now, in not speaking out the full truth when I was first "suspended."

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His son Iqbal (right), daughter Qubla and the celebrated "Savage of God."

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What was I going to do? After the fight I returned to New York City, where

I had a large, almost personal following. Each day scores of the poorest and most oppressed black men and women came to Mosque No. 7, pronounced their own religiously irreversible faith, and the Nation of Islam to come with me.

The United Nations is in the 12th Street and 7th Avenue, which might be called one of the best bones of Harlem. I called a press conference and made the announcement: "I am going to organize and lead a new mosque in New York City known as the Minister of Mosque, Incorporated, with temporary headquarters in the Hotel Theresa. It will be the working base for an action program designed to eliminate the political oppression, the economic exploitation, and the social degradation suffered fully by twenty-two million Afro-Americans."

There was one major thing more that I needed to do. I took a plane, to my sister Ella, in Boston. "Ella," I said, "I want to make the pilgrimage to Mecca." Ella said, "How much do you need?" I couldn't get over what she did then. I obtained a visa to the Holy City and I left New York quietly.

As a Muslim from America, I was the center of attention in Mecca. They asked me what about the Hajj had impressed me the most. I said, "The brotherhood: The people of all races, colors, from all over the world coming together as one! It has proved to me the power of the One God."

I never would have believed possible—it shocked me when I considered it—the impact of the Muslim World's influence on my previous thinking. Many blacks would cynically accuse me of "selling out" the fight, to become an "integrationist." Nearly all whites would scoff and jeer. But I knew that there were a few who would understand, who would accept, that in the land of Muhammad and Abraham, I had been blessed with a new insight into the religion of Islam.

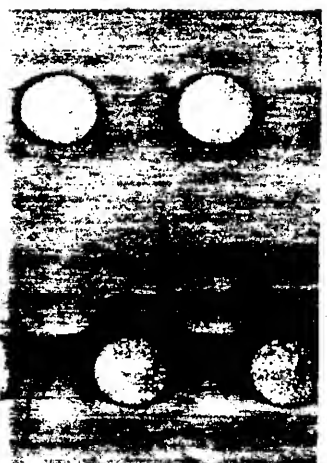
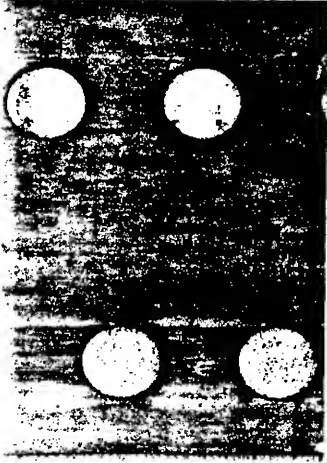
Before I left the Holy City I had an audience with Prince Faisal, who encouraged me to bring the truth of Islam to American Negroes. I visited Nigeria and Ghana, where I talked with cabinet officers, intellectuals, ambassadors from the rest of Africa, and many others. Everywhere the reception for the militant American Muslim Negro was tremendous. In Dakar the Senegalese at the airport stood in line to shake my hand and ask for autographs.

From Dakar, I flew to Algiers. It was Tuesday, May 19, 1964—my birthday. It was 39 years since the scene of this book's beginning, with my mother pregnant with me standing on the porch in Nehruville, as the Ku Klux Klan threatened her.

My next plane, a Pan American jet—was Flight 115—landed in New York on May 21 at 4:25 in the afternoon. As we left the plane and filed toward Customs, I saw the crowd—probably 50 or 60 reporters and photographers. Before any press queries could be made, I told of the alteration of my attitudes about white men who practiced true brotherhood, such as I had seen during my recent pilgrimage experience among Muslims in the Holy Land.

Over a hundred speaking invitations were waiting for me, either at home, or at the Muslim Mosque, Inc. In my busy weeks abroad I had had some chance to think about the basic types of white man in America, and how they affected Negro issues, and especially politics in this election year. I had thought out what I was going to say when I began appearing at some of these speaking engagements.

They call me sometimes "the angriest Negro in America." Well, the Bible says



there is a star for anger I feel that if Negroes attack white people, then these white people should defend themselves, with arms, if necessary, if the forces of law are inadequate. And I feel that Negroes, if white people attack them, should do exactly the same thing.

Johnson and Goldwater I feel that as far as the American black man is concerned, are both just about the same. It's just a question of Johnson, the fox, or Goldwater, the wolf. "Conservatism" is only meaning "Let's keep the niggers in their place," and "Liberalism" is meaning "Let's keep the kare-groes in their place, but tell them we'll treat them a little better. Let's fool them more, with more promises." Since these are the choices, the black man in America, I think, only needs to pick which one he chooses to be eaten by, because they both will eat him.

Goldwater, I respect, as a man, because he speaks out his convictions. True convictions spoken out are rarely heard today in high-level politics. I think he's too intelligent to have ruled his unpopular stand without conviction. He isn't another liberal just trying to please both racists and integrationists, smacking at one, and whispering to the other. Goldwater flatly tells the black man he's not for the black man. His policies make the black-white issue more clear-cut for the black man. So he makes the black man recognize what he has to do. The black man, if Goldwater would win, would realize that he had to fight harder, the black man would be more positive in his demands, more aggressive in his protests. The issue would be more quickly engorged. While the black man under the liberal "fox" could keep on sitting around, begging and passive-raising for another 100 years, waiting for "turn" and for "good-will" to solve his problem.

The black man in America, when he awakens, when he becomes intellectually mature, when he becomes able to think for himself, then he will be able to make more independent choices.

I wouldn't put myself in the position of voting for either one, or of recommending to any black man to do so. I'm just talking about if America's white voters do as small Goldwater, the black people will at least know what they are dealing with. They would at least know they were fighting an honestly growing wolf, rather than a fox who could have them in his stomach and half-digested before they even know what is happening.

They have called Goldwater a racist and me a racist. Once I was a racist—yes. But now I have turned my direction away from anything that's racist. So, some of the followers of Elijah Muhammad would still consider it a first-rank honor to kill me. Also I know that any day, any night, I could die at the hands of some white devil racist. At the same time, however, I can't think of any subject involving human beings today that you can divorce from the race issue. I will even go so far as to say that I dream that one day history will look upon me as having been one of the voices that perhaps helped to save America from a grave, even possibly fatal catastrophe. If the reader can understand me, if then he can multiply me by the tens of thousands, he will put down this life story with at least a better picture than he had of America's black ghettoes.

More and worse riots will erupt. The black man has seen the white man's instability of guilty fear. But, if through telling this story of my life, I have brought any light, if I have spread any truth then all of the credit is due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine. THE END



Today Malcolm joins in the Orient. "Chinese will be the future leading political tongue of the world, and Arabic the spiritual."

THE LESSON OF MALCOLM X

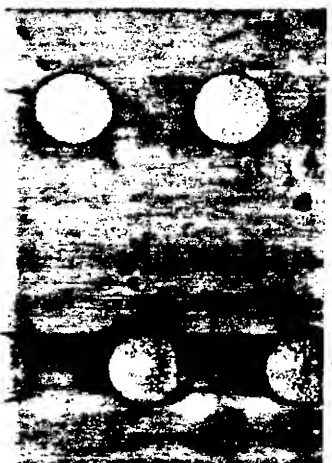
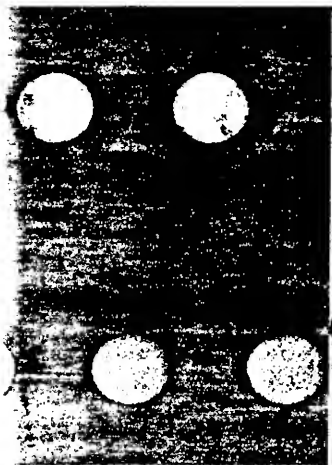
If Malcolm X were not a Negro, his autobiography would be little more than a journal of abnormal psychology, the story of a burglar, dope pusher, addict and jailbird—with a family history of insanity—who acquires megalomaniac delusions and sets forth to preach an upside-down religion of "brotherly" hatred. What lends importance to Malcolm's otherwise depressing tale is that he is a leader of the Black Muslims, a sort of Negro Ku Klux Klan. Nobody knows just how large a following he has, but unquestionably the militant hatred he preaches was behind some of the violence of the summer riots in the North.

Society must share the blame for making Malcolm X the angry and possibly dangerous man that he is. His story is the story of all the injustice still inflicted on his race; it begins in senseless cruelty and violence, moves through poverty and deprivation to the capricious murder of his father and his mother's insanity, through his own easy drift into crime and long imprisonment, to—finally—the catharsis of a pseudoreligious revelation. He is, in truth, the product of a world he never made. But he is also, like every other man, self-made. The alone unjust world has also turned out a Martin Luther King, who has had to face the same deprivations and senseless cruelties, yet through them has reached a personal serenity and religious revelation founded on the idea of brotherly love. America may consider itself lucky that in a large poll which *The New York Times* took in Harlem—by coincidence, just before the riots—King had more than 12 times as many followers as Malcolm X. We say lucky, because this fact shows more patience, forbearance and trust among Negroes than their past treatment has justified.

America has been lucky like that for a long time. The persecuted, neglected, mistreated Negro minority would have seemed a perfect setup for Communist agitators—and Lenin proved that a very small minority, properly organized, can overthrow a state. Yet it is a tribute to the inherent loyalty and good sense of the American Negro that the Communists could never make any real headway among them. It is likely that Malcolm X won't either. It would be understandable if all the ignorant hatreds of the Ku Klux Klan created a black-robed mirror image of revenge. But Negroes, by and large, are not vengeful.

Unlike Malcolm X, most of them would laugh at Mr. Elijah Muhammad's childlike fantasy that the "white devil" is a genetic aberration from the "natural man," the Negro, who will regain his rightful mastery when "the black original race [gives] birth to one whose wisdom, knowledge and power would be infinite." Yet this fantasy is no more childish than the solemn conviction of many a Mississippi fundamentalist that God has doomed Negroes to eternal inferiority as the "sons of Ham," condemned to be "heavers of wood and drawers of water." Though no man, as Jefferson warned, is born booted and spurred with the right to ride on the backs of his fellows, some of the Mississippi delegates to the Democratic convention in Atlantic City seemed to be still under that misapprehension.

The lesson of Malcolm X, and the lesson of the Mississippi showdown at Atlantic City, is that 19 million Negro Americans, who are equally taxed in all respects, still do not get equal representation, politically or otherwise. Taxation without representation is still tyranny, and until all Americans join in providing every citizen with the rights of citizenship, we shall be lucky if Malcolm X is not succeeded by even wilder and more virulent extremists.



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2.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, formerly
referred to as the Muslim
Cult of Islam, also known as
Muhammad's Temples of Islam

On May 7, 1964, a third source advised Muhammad had, early in July, 1958, decided to de-emphasize the religious aspects of the teachings of Islam and to stress the economic benefits to be derived by those Negroes who joined the NOI. This policy change, according to MUHAMMAD, would help him acquire additional followers and create more interest in his programs. U

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

We are well aware that our future efforts to defend ourselves by retaliating—by meeting violence with violence, eye for eye and tooth for tooth—could create the type of racial conflict in America that could easily escalate into a violent, worldwide, bloody race war.

In the interests of world peace and security, we beseech the Heads of the Independent African States to recommend an immediate investigation into our problem by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights.

If this humble plea that I am voicing at this Conference is not properly worded, then let out Elder Brothers, who know the legal language come to our aid and word our plea in the proper language necessary for it to be heard.

One last word, my beloved Brothers at this African Summit:

"No one knows the master better than his servant." We have been servants in America for over 300 years. We have a thorough, inside knowledge of this man who calls himself "Uncle Sam". Therefore, you must heed our warning: Don't escape from European Colonialism only to become even more enslaved by deceitful, "friendly" American dollarism.

May Allah's blessings of good health and wisdom be upon you all.

Salaam Alaikum

**Malcolm X, Chairman
Organization of Afro-American
Unity.**

If South Africa is guilty of violating the human rights of Africans here on the Mother Continent, then America is guilty of worse violations of the twenty-two million Africans on the American continent. And, if South African racism is not a domestic issue, then American racism also is not a domestic issue.

Many of you have been led to believe that the much publicized, recently passed Civil Rights Bill is a sign that America is making a sincere effort to correct the injustices we have suffered there. This propaganda maneuver is part of her deceit and trickery to keep the African Nations from condemning her racist practices before the United Nations, as you are now doing as regards the same practices of South Africa.

The United States Supreme Court passed a law ten years ago making America's segregated school system illegal. But, the Federal Government has yet to enforce this law even in the North. If the Federal Government cannot enforce the law of the highest court in the land, when it comes to nothing but equal rights to education for African-Americans, how can anyone be so naive as to think all the additional laws brought into being by the Civil Rights Bill will be enforced?

These are nothing but tricks of this Century's leading neocolonialist power. Surely, our intellectually mature African brothers will not fall for this trickery?

The Organization of Afro-American Unity, in cooperation with a coalition of other Negro leaders and organizations, have decided to elevate our freedom struggle above the domestic level of civil rights. We intend to "internationalize" it by placing it at the level of human rights. Our freedom struggle for human dignity is no longer confined to the domestic jurisdiction of the United States Government.

We beseech the Independent African States to help us bring our problem before the United Nations, on the grounds that the United States Government is morally incapable of protecting the lives and the property of twenty-two million African-Americans. And, on the grounds that our deteriorating plight is definitely becoming a threat to world peace.

Out of frustration and hopelessness our young people have reached the point of no return. We no longer endorse patience and turning-the-other-cheek. We assert the right of self-defense by whatever means necessary, and reserve the right of maximum retaliation against our racist oppressors, no matter what the odds against us are.

From here on in, if we must die anyway, we will die fighting back, and we will not die alone. We intend to see that our racist oppressors also get a taste of death.

Our problems are your problems. We have lived for over 300 years in that American den of racist wolves in constant fear of losing life and limb. Recently, three students from Kenya were mistaken for American Negroes and were brutally beaten by the New York Police. Shortly after that two diplomats from Uganda were also beaten by the New York City police who mistook them for American Negroes.

If Africans are brutally beaten while only visiting in America, imagine the physical and psychological suffering received by your Brothers and Sisters who have lived there for over 300 years.

Our problem is your problem. No matter how much independence Africans get here on the Mother Continent, unless you wear your National dress at all times when you visit America, you may be mistaken for one of us and suffer the same psychological and physical mutilation that is an everyday occurrence in our lives.

Your problems will never be fully solved until and unless ours are solved. You will never be fully respected until and unless we are also respected. You will never be recognized as free human beings until and unless we are also recognized and treated as human beings.

Our problem is your problem. It is not a Negro problem, nor an American problem. This is a world problem; a problem for humanity. It is not a problem of civil rights, but a problem of human rights.

If the United States Supreme Court Justice, Arthur Goldberg, a few weeks ago, could find legal grounds to threaten to bring Russia before the United Nations and charge her with violating the human rights of less than three million Russian Jews---what makes our African brothers hesitate to bring the United States Government before the United Nations and charge her with violating the human rights of twenty-two million African-Americans?

We pray that our African brothers have not freed themselves of European colonialism only to be overcome and held in check now by American dollarism. Don't let American racism be "legalized" by American dollarism.

America is worse than South Africa, because not only is America racist, but she is also deceitful and hypocritical. South Africa preaches segregation and practices segregation. She, at least, practices what she preaches. America preaches integration and practices segregation. She preaches one thing while deceitfully practicing another.

South Africa is like a vicious wolf, openly hostile towards black humanity. But America is cunning like a fox, friendly and smiling, but even more vicious and deadly than the wolf.

The wolf and the fox are both enemies of humanity; both are Canine; both humiliate and mutilate their victims. Both have the same objectives, but differ only in methods.

Since the twenty-two million of us were originally Africans, who are now in America, not by choice but only by a cruel accident in our history, we strongly believe that African problems are our problems and our problems are African problems.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES: We also believe that as Heads of the Independent African States you are the Shepherd of all African peoples everywhere, whether they are still at home here on the Mother Continent or have been scattered abroad.

Some African leaders at this Conference have implied that they have enough problems here on the Mother Continent without adding the Afro-American problem.

With all due respect to your esteemed positions, I must remind all of you that The Good Shepherd will leave ninety-nine sheep who are safe at home to go to the aid of the one who is lost and has fallen into the clutches of the imperialist wolf.

We, in America, are your long lost Brothers and Sisters, and I am here only to remind you that our problems are your problems. As the African-Americans "awaken" today, we find ourselves in a Strange Land that has rejected us, and, like the Prodigal Son, we are turning to our Elder Brothers for help. We pray our pleas will not fall upon deaf ears.

We were taken forcibly in chains from this Mother Continent and have now spent over 300 years in America, suffering the most inhuman forms of physical and psychological tortures imaginable.

During the past ten years the entire world has witnessed our men, women and children being attacked and bitten by vicious police dogs, brutally beaten by police clubs, and washed down the sewers by high-pressure water hoses that would rip the clothes from our bodies and the flesh from our limbs.

And, all of these inhuman atrocities have been inflicted upon us by the American Governmental authorities, the police, themselves, for no reason other than we seek the recognition and respect granted other human beings in America.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES:

The American Government is either unable or unwilling to protect the lives and property of the twenty-two million African-American brothers and sisters. We stand defenseless, at the mercy of American racists who murder us at will for no reason other than that we are black and of African descent.

Two black bodies were found in the Mississippi River this week; last week an unarmed African-American educator was murdered in cold blood in Georgia; a few days before that three civil rights workers disappeared completely, perhaps murdered also, because they were teaching our people in Mississippi how to vote and how to secure their political rights.

PRESS RELEASE

The following is a copy of the statement that was prepared by Malcolm X on behalf of the Organization of Afro-American Unity and the 22 million Afro-Americans; and was delivered by him to the conference which opened in Cairo, Egypt on July 17, 1964.

July 17, 1964

Their EXCELLENCIES

***FIRST ORDINARY ASSEMBLY OF HEADS OF STATE AND GOVERNMENTS
ORGANIZATION OF AFRICAN UNITY
CAIRO, U.A.R.***

YOUR EXCELLENCIES:

The Organization of Afro-American Unity has sent me to attend this historic African Summit Conference as an observer to represent the interests of twenty-two million African-Americans whose human rights are being violated daily by the racism of American imperialists.

The Organization of Afro-American Unity (OAAU) has been formed by a cross section of America's African-American community, and is patterned after the letter and spirit of the Organization of African Unity (OAU).

Just as the Organization of African Unity has called upon all African leaders to submerge their differences and unite on common objectives for the common good of all Africans-- in America the Organization of Afro-American Unity has called upon Afro-American leaders to submerge their differences and find areas of agreement wherein we can work in unity for the good of the entire twenty-two million African-Americans.

ORGANIZATION OF AFRO-AMERICAN UNITY

HOTEL THERESA

2040 SEVENTH AVE., Suite 128

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOument 6-4093

July 17, 1964

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

During the midst of the racial turmoil here in America, the most militant of the militant Negroes - Malcolm X - was in Cairo, Egypt, where he was the only American allowed into the conference of the Organization of African Unity.

A resolution was passed at this conference condemning racism in the United States.

Sincerely,

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/14/93 BY 8269 JHE/WEB/dd Organization of Afro-American
Unity

ENCLOSURE

100-399321-151

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X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
X FOR THIS PAGE X
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FBI

Date: 9/17/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE aka
IS - MMI

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

- 3- Bureau (RM)
- 2- Los Angeles (RM) (AM)
- 2- Chicago (RM)
- 2- New York
- (1- 100-152759)

DECLASSIFIED BY 8269 JHE/WEB/HPD
ON 12/14/83

REC-26 100-399321-152

SEP 18 1964

Classified by 6825 DML/K
Exempt from GDS Category 2
Date of Declassification Indefinite

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

67 SEP 25 1964

Approved: _____
Special Agent in Charge

APPROPRIATE AGENCIES
AND FIELD OFFICES
ADVISED BY ROUTING
SLIP(S) OF
THIS DOCUMENT
DATE 10/1/83 BY 182

Per _____

b7D

b7C

b7C

b7C

ROL

NY 105-8999

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

b7C

[REDACTED]

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b7C

[REDACTED]

u

b7C

[REDACTED]

u

Chicago is requested to comment on [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

u

b7D,C

[REDACTED]

u

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

F B I

Date: 9/23/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL REGISTERED
(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE aka
IS-121
(CC:NY)

b7D
b7C [redacted] advised on 9/23/64, that [redacted] plans to travel to Philadelphia on Sunday, 9/27/64, to hear [redacted] speak.

[redacted] stated same date that she believed [redacted] MALCOLM K. LITTLE, would not return from his tour until after the elections on 11/3/64.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/14/83 BY 8269 JHE/WEB/da

C. A. WICK

1cc retained 827 RB

- 3 - Bureau (RM)
- 2 - Philadelphia (Info.) (RM)
- 1 - New York (100-152759) (RM)
- 1 - New York (105-29845) (BETTY LITTLE)
- 1 - New York

REC-35

SEP 24 1964

FBI

SUB CONTROL

Approved: [Signature]
Special Agent in Charge

Sent _____ M Per _____

64 SEP 30 1964

FBI

Date: 9/22/64

Transmit the following in _____

(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL _____

(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, CHICAGO (100-33593)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
IS - MMI HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
OO: New York DATE 12/14/85 BY 1269 ME/ML/10Re New York airtel dated 9/17/64 instant caption
regarding [REDACTED]New York requested in referenced airtel to
comment on the above remarks.In the event additional information is developed
bearing on this matter, the Bureau and New York will be
promptly notified.

- ④ - Bureau (1 - 100-441765) (MMI) (RM)
3 - New York (2 - 105-8999) (RM)
(1 - 100-152759) (MMI)
1 - Los Angeles (100-) (RM) (Info)
2 - Chicago (1 - 100-41040) (MMI)

SEP 23 1964

Approved: _____

Sent _____

M

Per _____

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Mr. Tolson _____
 Mr. Belmont _____
 Mr. Mohr _____
 Mr. Casper _____
 Mr. Callahan _____
 Mr. Conrad _____
 Mr. DeLoach _____
 Mr. Evans _____
 Mr. Gale _____
 Mr. Rosen _____
 Mr. Sullivan _____
 Mr. Tavel _____
 Mr. Trotter _____
 Tele. Room _____
 Miss Holmes _____
 Miss Gandy _____

b7c

HEAVY WHISPER on the integration line: Uncle Sam is
 supposed to be checking on the income tax returns of Malcolm
 X (the ex-Muslim).

b7c

(Indicate page, name of
 newspaper, city and state.)

63 CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Date: 9-24-64
 Edition: RED DART
 Author: TONY MITCHELL
 Editor: JOHN STANTON
 Title:

MALCOLM X
 Character:
 or 100-33593
 Classification:
 Submitting Office CHICAGO

100-399321
 NOT RECORDED
 OCT 8 1964

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 12/14/83 BY 8069 JHE/WES/ld

64 OCT 8 1964

100-399321

FBI

Date: 9/29/64

Transmit the following in PLAIN
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL
(Priority)~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-441765)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-152759)

SUBJECT: MUSLIM MOSQUE INC.
IS - MMIRePHtel, dated 9/29/64. *u*Letter and LHM follows under the caption
"MALCOLM X LITTLE aka; IS - MMI". *u*

- AC 100-100*
- ③ Bureau (RM)
(1- 100-399321) (MALCOLM K. LITTLE)
 - 2- Chicago (100-41040) (RM)
(1- 100- [redacted])
 - 1- Philadelphia (100-47471) (RM)
 - 1- New York (105-8999) (MALCOLM K. LITTLE)
 - 1- New York [redacted]

dmm

NOT RECORDED
169 OCT 2 1964

66 OCT 8 1964

Special Agent in Charge

Sent

CONFIDENTIAL

Classified by *60-15*
Exempt *1* GDS Category *2*
Date of Declassification Indefinite

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SAC, New York

10-8-64

Director, FBI

1 -
1 -
1 -

(b7C)

MALCOLM K. LITTLE

IS - MURDER

NEW YORK FILE: 100-8090

BUREAU FILE: 100-399321

Declassify on: OADR

12/15/83
Classified by 8267 JHE/mec

(b1)

61-18-7
11/1/64
Dwy

Classified by 10803

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

DUPLICATE YELLOW

NOT RECORDED
87 OCT 13 1964

OCT 16 1964

SECRET

b7D,
b7C

Letter to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] u
Re: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 4
[REDACTED]

~~SECRET~~

[REDACTED]

b1

[REDACTED]

b1

(S)

~~SECRET~~

October 9, 1964

Airtel

67C 1 - [REDACTED]

To: SAC, New York (100-152750)

From: Director, FBI (100-441765)

MUSLIN MOSQUE, INCORPORATED
INTERNAL SECURITY - MMI

Recent communications from New York and Philadelphia have indicated that Malcolm X Little, Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, leader, is to return to the United States in the immediate future from his African tour. Newspaper articles have set forth information that Little professes to be a believer in the orthodox Islamic religion which preaches the brotherhood of all men. In these articles information is set forth that Little expresses sorrow for having recruited so many as believers of the Nation of Islam teachings.

The possibility exists that this would be an excellent time for Agents of your office to interview Little. Should he be truly sorry for his past actions and should he truly be a convert to the true Islamic religion, valuable information can be obtained through such interview. New York should furnish its views in this regard by return airtel and, if agreeable, should set forth the manner in which Little will be approached, bearing in mind that his followers are still filled with the venom of hatred and violence. In conducting such an interview control must be completely in the hands of Bureau Agents.

1 - New York (105-8999)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/5/93 BY 1269 JHE/WE 4/82

1 - 100-399321 (Malcolm X Little)

TPR:kaj
(7)

DUPLICATE YELLOW

NOT RECORDED
82 OCT 12 1964

34
88 OCT 14 1964

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Date of Mail 10-2-64

Has been removed and placed in the Special File Room of Records Branch.

See File 66-2554-7530 for authority.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 92069 JHE/wes/del

Subject JUNE MAIL Malcolin K. Little 46

Removed By 65 OCT 8 1964

File Number 100-399321-155

Permanent Serial Charge Out

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

MEMORANDUM

Date: OCT 5 1964

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K LITTLE aka
IS-MMI

ReNY airtel to Bureau dated 9-29-64 captioned RE: IS-MMI

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau are 9 copies of a LHM re captioned matter. Copies are being furnished to Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia for their information.

Information was furnished by [redacted] if disseminated outside the Bureau, should be paraphrased to protect [redacted]

In view of information set forth in attached LHM, [redacted] is being requested by the NYO

NYO is unable to identify one [redacted] at this time.

LHM is being classified "Confidential" to protect the identity of [redacted]

- 4 - Bureau (Encls. 9) (RM)
 - (1 - 100-441765) (MMI)
- 1 - Boston (Encl. 1) (RM)
- 1 - Chicago (Encl. 1) (RM)
- 1 - Detroit (Encl. 1) (RM)
- 2 - Philadelphia (Encl. 2) (RM)
 - (1 - 100-47471) (MMI)
- 1 - New York (100-152759) (MMI)
- 1 - New York [redacted]
- 1 - New York [redacted]

REC-40

100-399321-156

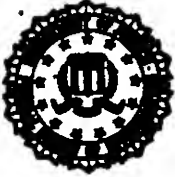
OCT 5 1964

ENCLOSURE

68 OCT 29 1964

NYO CG: DE PH. B. S. C. D. (100-399321) U.S. Marshal Station, FBI
NYO, OSI, NOTED as declassified via
r/s 4/12/76.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 9269 JHE/bt/AD



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

New York, New York

OCT 5 1964

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Bufile 100-399321
NYfile 105-8999

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Malcolm K Little
Internal Security - Muslim Mosque,
Incorporated

[REDACTED] Xu

[REDACTED] Xu

[REDACTED] Xu

[REDACTED]

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

GROUP 1

Excluded from automatic
downgrading and
declassification

Classified by 6855 [initials]
Exempt from GDS Category 2
Date of Declassification Indefinite
5-17-77

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

DECLASSIFIED BY 269 JHE/WBA/dp
ON 12/15/93

This document contains neither recommendations nor
conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the
FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its con-
tents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

100-399321-156
ENCLOSURE

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XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET3

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For your information: _____



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100-399321-156 p. 2-4

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Malcolm K Little

1.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, formerly referred to as the Muslim Cult of Islam, also known as Muhammad's Temples of Islam

In January, 1957, a source advised ELIJAH MUHAMMAD has described his organization on a nationwide basis as the "Nation of Islam," (NOI) and "Muhammad's Temples of Islam."

On May 8, 1964, a second source advised ELIJAH MUHAMMAD is the national leader of the NOI; Muhammad's Temple of Islam No. 2, 5335 South Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is the national headquarters of the NOI; and in mid-1960, MUHAMMAD and other NOI officials, when referring to MUHAMMAD'S organization on a nationwide basis, commenced using either "Mosque" or "Temple" when mentioning one of "Muhammad's Temples of Islam."

The NOI is an all-Negro organization which was originally organized in 1930 in Detroit, Michigan. MUHAMMAD claims to have been selected by Allah, the Supreme Being, to lead the so-called Negro race out of slavery in the wilderness of North America by establishing an independent black nation in the United States. Members following MUHAMMAD'S teachings and his interpretation of the "Koran" believe there is no such thing as a Negro; that the so-called Negroes are slaves of the white race, referred to as "white devils," in the United States; and that the white race, because of its exploitation of the so-called Negroes, must and will be destroyed in the approaching "War of Armageddon."

In the past, officials and members of the NOI, including MUHAMMAD, have refused to register under the provisions of the Selective Service Acts and have declared that members owe no allegiance to the United States.

On May 5, 1958, the first source advised MUHAMMAD had, upon advice of legal counsel, tempered his personal statements and instructions to his ministers concerning the principles of his organization in order to avoid possible prosecution by the United States Government; however, he did not indicate any fundamental changes in the teachings of his organization.

Malcolm X Little

2.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, formerly
referred to as the Muslim
Cult of Islam, also known as
Muhammad's Temples of Islam

On May 7, 1964, a third source advised Muhammad had, early in July, 1958, decided to de-emphasize the religious aspects of the teachings of Islam and to stress the economic benefits to be derived by those Negroes who joined the NOI. This policy change, according to MUHAMMAD, would help him acquire additional followers and create more interest in his programs.

Malcolm K Little

1.

APPENDIX

NATION OF ISLAM, MOSQUE #7,
NEW YORK CITY

On May 5, 1964, a source advised that the Nation of Islam (NOI) affiliate in New York City is known as Mosque #7, also known as Temple #7, and is located at 102 West 116th Street, New York City. Mosque #7 is part of the NOI headed by ELIJAH MUHAMMAD, with headquarters in Chicago, Illinois. Mosque #7 has two branches; Mosque #7B at 105-03 Northern Boulevard, Queens, New York City, and Mosque #7C at 120 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York. These branches are part of Mosque #7.

The date Mosque #7 originated in New York City is not known.

However, in connection with the origin of Mosque #7, it should be noted that in 1953 a second source advised that there was a Temple of the NOI (known to source then as the Muslim Cult of Islam) in New York City located at 135th Street and 7th Avenue, as far back as 1947.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Malcolm X Little

1.

APPENDIX

MUSLIM MOSQUE, INCORPORATED

The March 13, 1964, edition of "The New York Times," a daily newspaper published in New York, New York, contained an article on page 20 which indicated that MALCOLM X (LITTLE), former national official of the Nation of Islam (NOI) and Minister of NOI Mosque #7, New York, who broke with the NOI on March 8, 1964, publicly announced in New York City on March 12, 1964, that he had formed the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated (MMI). The MMI, according to the article, would be a broadly based politically oriented black nationalist movement for Negroes only, financed by voluntary contributions. In this public statement MALCOLM X urged Negroes to abandon the doctrine of non-violence when it is necessary to defend themselves in the civil rights struggle, and he also suggested that Negroes form rifle clubs to protect their lives and property in times of emergencies in areas where the government is unable or unwilling to protect them.

Incorporation papers of the MMI filed on March 16, 1964, with the Business Section, Clerk of Courts, New York County, New York, New York, reflect that the MMI was incorporated under the Religious Corporation Law of the State of New York to work for the imparting of the Islamic Faith and Islamic Religion in accordance with "accepted Islamic principals." The principal place of worship to be located in the Borough of Manhattan, New York, New York.

During an appearance over KYW - Television, Cleveland, Ohio, on April 7, 1964, MALCOLM X stated that the MMI does not stand for integration, but for complete freedom, justice, and equality for Negroes. He stated that Islam was the religious philosophy of the MMI, while the political, economic and social philosophy was black nationalism.

On May 15, 1964, a confidential source advised that the headquarters of the MMI are located in Suite 128, Hotel Theresa, 2090 Seventh Avenue, New York City, where they were established on March 16, 1964.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

F B I

Date: 10/1/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plaintext or code)Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority)

Mr. Tolson	
Mr. Belmont	
Mr. Mohr	
Mr. Casper	
Mr. Callahan	
Mr. Conrad	
Mr. DeLoach	
Mr. Evans	
Mr. Gale	
Mr. Rosen	
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Tavel	
Mr. Trotter	
Tele. Room	
Miss Holmes	
Miss Gandy	

TO: DIRECTOR, (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, WFO (100-32805) (RUC)

MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
IS - MMI
(OO:NY)

b7C [REDACTED] Chief, Security Branch, Legal Division, Passport Office, Department of State, Washington, D.C., on 9/30/64, made available to SA [REDACTED] a telegram from the United States Embassy at Kuwait dated 9/29/64. This stated that MALCOLM LITTLE called at the Embassy on 9/26/64, in order to obtain a health certificate which he states was lost in Saudi Arabia. This certificate was issued. LITTLE departed from Kuwait on 9/29/64, for a one day stop at Khartoum. He was then to proceed to Ethiopia for several days.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JNE/WEC/dl

- ③ - Bureau 1 cc retained 827 RB
2 - New York (105-8999) (RM)
1 - WFO

PEM:jas
(6)

REC-22 100 - 399321 - 157

OCT 5 1964

AIRTEL

C. C. Wick

EX-102

Approved: _____

64 OCT 8 1964

Special Agent in Charge

Sent _____

M

Per _____

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

DATE: 10-5-64

FROM : SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE
IS-MMI

OO:NY

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau is a Xerox copy of an article taken from the "New York Times", a local newspaper dated 10-4-64, captioned "MALCOLM Rejects Racist Doctrine".

In this article, MALCOLM denounces ELIJAH MUHAMMAD as a religious "faker" and promises that he shall never rest until he has undone the harm he caused to innocent Negroes through his evangelistic zeal, now believe in him, (ELIJAH MUHAMMAD) even more fanatically and more blindly than he did.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/18/83 BY 8210 JHE/WEA/2 REC-28

100-399321-158

OCT 6 1964

3- Bureau (Encl 1,) (RM)
(1 100-441765) (MMI)
1- New York
JCS:erk
(4)

ENCLOSURE



66 OCT 15 1964

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 100 441765

Date of Mail 10 - 3 - 64.

Has been removed and placed in the Special File Room of Records Branch.

See File 66-2554-7530 for authority.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JHE/WES/20

Subject JUNE MAIL *Malcolm K. Little*

Removed By

85 OCT 9 1964 40

File Number

100-399321-159

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

~~SECRET~~

TO : Director, FBI (100-3993²1)

DATE: 9/30/64

crub
FROM : *Legal London* *64217 London 10/1/64*
~~Director, FBI~~ (100-3313)(P)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE
IS - MUSLIM MOSQUE, INC.

~~SECRET~~

Rebulet to CIA 7/9/64 and subsequent memos furnished to Legat, London by routing slip 7/20/64. *u*

b1

[REDACTED] *(S)*

b1

[REDACTED] *(S)*

This case will be kept in a pending status awaiting Bureau reply. *u*

12/5/83
Classified by *8269 JHE/WEB/BJ*
Declassify on: OADR

- 2 - Bureau
- 1 - Liaison (sent direct)
- 1 - London
- bc* [REDACTED] rn

REC 4 100-399321-161

EX-103

OCT 5 1964

~~SECRET~~

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

EX-103
[REDACTED] *EX-103*

Classified by *6555*
Exempt from GDS Category *I*
Date of Declassification Indefinite
5-17-77

MALCOLM REJECTS RACIST DOCTRINE

Also Denounces Elijah as a
Religious 'Faker'

By M. S. HANDLER

Malcolm X has renounced the philosophy of black racism and denounced Elijah Muhammad, leader of the Black Muslims, as a religious "faker."

In a letter from Mecca, Saudi Arabia, to a friend in New York, Malcolm said he had embraced the brotherhood of man and "shall never rest until I have undone the harm I did to so many well-meaning, innocent Negroes who through my own evangelistic zeal now believe in [Elijah Muhammad] even more fanatically and more blindly than I did."

Malcolm broke with Elijah Muhammad, who advocates black separatism, earlier this year and founded his own non-sectarian black nationalist organization. He has spent many months in Mecca studying with the grand imams of Islam—ranking scholars of Islam—and working with the Muslim World League.

A 'Strait-Jacket World'

In his letter dated Sept. 22, Malcolm wrote:

"For 12 long years I lived within the narrow-minded confines of the 'strait-jacket world' created by my strong belief that Elijah Muhammad was a messenger direct from God Himself, and my faith in what I now see to be a pseudoreligious philosophy that he preached. But as his then most faithful disciple, I represented and defended him at all levels and in most instances, even beyond the level of intellect and reason."

"I shall never rest until I have undone the harm I did to so many well-meaning, innocent Negroes who through my own evangelistic zeal now believe in him even more fanatically and more blindly than I did. If Western society had not gone to such extremes to block out the knowledge of True Islam, there would not be such a religious 'vacuum' among American Negroes today into which any religious faker can bring all sorts of distorted religious concoctions and represent it to our unsuspecting people as True Islam."

All Men Brothers

Malcolm continued:

"I declare emphatically that I am no longer in Elijah Muhammad's 'strait jacket,' and I don't intend to replace his with one woven by someone else. I am a Muslim in the most orthodox sense; my religion is Islam as it is believed in and practiced by the Muslims here in the Holy City of Mecca."

"This religion recognizes all men as brothers. It accepts all human beings as equals before God, and as equal members in the Human Family of Mankind. I totally reject Elijah Muhammad's racist philosophy, which he has labeled 'Islam' only to fool and misuse gullible people, as he fooled and misused me. But I blame only myself, and no one else for the fool that I was, and the harm that my evangelic foolishness in his behalf has done to others."

Malcolm wrote that he was neither anti-American, un-American, seditious nor subversive, but an open-minded man who was trying to weigh everything objectively.

Vows Belief in Allah

He said he was "fed up with strait-jacket societies."

"I respect every man's right to believe whatever his intelligence leads him to believe is intellectually sound," Malcolm said, "and I respect my right to believe likewise."

CLIPPING FROM THE

NY

EDITION

DATE

PAGE

FORWARDED BY NY DIVISION

NOT FORWARDED BY NY DIVISION

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/15/83 BY 2269 JHE/wed

YEROX

OCJ 6 1964

100-399321-158

After reaffirming his belief in Allah as the Supreme Being and in the Prophet Mohammed, Malcolm said, "yet some of my dearest friends are Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, agnostics, and even atheists—some are capitalists, Socialists, and Communists—some are moderates, conservatives, extremists—some are even Uncle Toms."

"It takes all these religious, political, economic, psychological and racial ingredients," he said, "to make the Human Family and the Human Society complete."

Turning to the racial situation in the United States, Malcolm said, "no one has to stir up the Negroes," and that the "sociological dynamite" stemming from unemployment, bad housing and inferior education existed in American society."

Asks 'Meaningful Actions'

"It takes no one to set it off... Putting the blame on me and other militants will never decrease nor stop these racial explosions today. Nothing will stop [them] but real meaningful actions, sincerely motivated by a deep sense of humanism and moral responsibility to remove once and for the very basic causes that produce the 'materials' for these explosive conditions."

"We must forget politics and propaganda and approach this as a Human Problem which all of us as human beings are obligated to correct. The well-meaning whites must become less vocal and more active against racism of their fellow whites... and Negro leaders must make their own people go that with equal rights also go equal responsibilities."

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Records Branch**SECRET**

, 19__

☐ Name Searching Unit - Room 6527
☐ Service Unit - Room 6524
☐ Forward to File Room
☐ Attention _____
☒ Return to _____ Supervisor Room Ext.

Type of References Requested:

☐ Regular Request (Analytical Search)
☐ All References (Subversive & Nonsubversive)
☐ Subversive References Only
☐ Nonsubversive References Only
☐ Main _____ References Only

Classified by 2263TUE

Type of Search Requested:

☐ Restricted to Locality
☐ Exact Name Only (On the Nose)
☐ Buildup ☐ Variations

Declassify on: OADR
week

61

Subject _____
 Birthdate & Place _____
 Address _____

Localities _____

R# _____

Date 11-15-64

Searcher
 Initials ph-

Prod. 1

FILE NUMBER

SERIAL

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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 WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

SECRET

10/9

1964

- ☐ Name Searching Unit - Room 6527
☐ Service Unit - Room 6524
☐ Forward to File Review
☒ Attention [REDACTED]
☒ Return to [REDACTED]

Supervisor Room Ext.

Type of References Requested:

- ☐ Regular Request (Analytical Search)
☐ All References (Subversive & Nonsubversive)
☒ Subversive References Only
☐ Nonsubversive References Only
☐ Main [REDACTED] References Only

Type of Search Requested:

- ☐ Restricted to Locality of [REDACTED]
☐ Exact Name Only (On the Nose)
☐ Buildup ☐ Variations

Subject [REDACTED]
Birthdate & Place [REDACTED]
Address [REDACTED]

Localities [REDACTED]

Re [REDACTED] Date 10/9 Searcher Initials *elm*

Prod. [REDACTED]

FILE NUMBER

SERIAL

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
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SECRET

10/9

1964

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☐ Service Unit - Room 6524
☐ Forward to File Review
☒ Attention [REDACTED]
☒ Return to [REDACTED]

Supervisor Room Ext.

Type of References Requested:

- ☐ Regular Request (Analytical Search)
☐ All References (Subversive & Nonsubversive)
☒ Subversive References Only
☐ Nonsubversive References Only
☐ Main [REDACTED] References Only

Type of Search Requested:

- ☐ Restricted to Locality of [REDACTED]
☐ Exact Name Only (On the Nose)
☐ Buildup ☐ Variations

Subject [REDACTED]

Birthdate & Place [REDACTED]

Address [REDACTED]

Localities [REDACTED]

Re [REDACTED] Date 10/9 Searcher Initials *elm*

Prod. [REDACTED]

FILE NUMBER

SERIAL

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

SECRET

Legat, London (100-3313)

~~SECRET~~

10/20/64

REC-125

Director, FBI (100-399321) - 160

b2c1

LA 109

MALCOLM K. LITTLE
INTERNAL SECURITY - MMI

Reurlet 9/30/64.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Classified by 8269 JHE/WES/60
Declassify on: OADR
12/15/84

Tolson _____
Belmont _____
Mohr _____
DeLoach _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
Evans _____
Gale _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

1 - New York (105-8999) (Enc.)

~~SECRET~~

1 - Foreign Liaison Unit (route through for review)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

MAILED 12
OCT 21 1964
COMM-FBI

SEE NOTE PAGE 3

Classified by 6853
Exempt from GDS Category 1
Date of Declassification Indefinite
5-17-77

66 OCT 22 1964

TELETYPE UNIT ☐

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

2 Page(s) withheld entirely at this location in the file. One or more of the following statements, where indicated, explain this deletion.

- ☒ Deleted under exemption(s) (b)(1) with no segregable material available for release to you.
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☐ For your information: _____

☒ The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:

100-399321-160 outlying pages 2,3

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 X DELETED PAGE(S) X
 X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
 X FOR THIS PAGE X
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FBI

Date: 10/1/64

Transmit the following in _____

(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL

AIR MAIL (REGISTERED)

(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)
 FROM: SAC, LOS ANGELES (105-5591)(P)
 RE: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
 IS - MMI

OO: New York

Re New York airtel, dated 9/17/64, and Chicago
 airtel, dated 9/22/64.

One copy of each of the referenced airtels is
 enclosed for San Diego and San Francisco.

All offices alert

- 3 - Bureau (RM)
- 2 - Chicago (100-33593)(RM)
- 2 - New York (105-8999)(RM)
- 2 - San Diego (Encls. 2)(RM)
- 2 - San Francisco (Encls. 2)(RM)
- 2 - Los Angeles
- (1 - 100-65527)(MMI)

OCT 3 1964

Approved: *[Signature]*

Special Agent in Charge

64 OCT 8 1964

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 12/15/83 BY 826 JHE/WEB

FBI

Date: 10/2/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL REGISTERED
(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
IS-111
(OO:NY)

Re Miami airtel to Bureau dated 5/29/64.

b7D [redacted] close to MALCOLM and his family advised on 9/26/64 that MALCOLM plans to return to New York from his tour to Africa on 11/15/64.

b7D [redacted] as of 10/2/64, no information has been received that would indicate that MALCOLM planned to return to the U.S. at an earlier date.

b7E [redacted] has been requested on MALCOLM's return to the U.S.

Miami office will be alerted if information is received that MALCOLM plans to come to Miami.

See retained 827 R12
 2 - Bureau (RM)
 2 - Miami (105-8554) (RM)
 1 - New York

REC- 56

100-399321-68

EX-102

OCT 3 1964

Approved: **61 OCT 1964**

Special Agent in Charge

Per

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/15/83 BY 269 JHE/WFB/del

Date of Mail 10-2-64

Has been removed and placed in the Special File Room of Records Branch.

See File 66-2554-7530 for authority.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JHE/wec/22

Subject JUNE MAIL Malcolm K. Little

Removed By 65 OCT 14 1964

File Number 100-399321-163

Permanent Serial Charge Out

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

OCT 9 1964

TELETYPE

Mr. Tolson	_____
Mr. Belmont	_____
Mr. Mohr	_____
Mr. DeLoach	_____
Mr. Casper	_____
Mr. Callahan	_____
Mr. Conrad	_____
Mr. Evans	_____
Mr. Gale	_____
Mr. Rosen	_____
Mr. Sullivan	_____
Mr. Tavel	_____
Mr. Trotter	_____
Tele. Room	_____
Miss Holmes	_____
Miss Gandy	_____

SENT BY CODED TELETYPE

FBI NEW YORK

10-20 PM

URGENT 10-9-64

DAE

TO DIRECTOR -6-

100-399321 AND PHILADELPHIA 100-47

AND MIAMI

FROM NEW YORK 105-8999

MALCOLM K. LITTLE AKA IS - MMI, OO... NY.

SND AND PLS HOLD.....

REC-15

OCT 13 1964

OCT 16 1964

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JHE/WER/AN

CC - 808K15

DO-6

OFFICE OF DIRECTOR
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

October 2, 1964

The attached letter was referred to
the Director by Walter Winchell.

crt

MR. TOLSON
MR. BELMONT
MR. MOHR
MR. DELOACH
MR. CASPER
MR. CALLAHAN
MR. CONRAD
MR. EVANS
MR. GALE
MR. ROSEN
MR. SULLIVAN
MR. TAVEL
MR. TROTTER
MR. JONES
TELE. ROOM
MISS HOLMES
MRS. METCALF
MISS GANDY

b7C

100-399321-165

EC-64

100-399321-165

16

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/15/83 BY 8267 WEB/ld

b7C

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
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_____ Page(s) referred for consultation to the following government agency(ies); _____ as the information originated with them. You will be advised of availability upon return of the material to the FBI.

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☐ For your information: _____

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100-399321-165 enclosure page 1

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X DELETED PAGE(S) X
X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
X FOR THIS PAGE X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

September 25, 1964

[REDACTED]

b7D,
b7C [REDACTED]

#####

b7D [REDACTED]

#####

Black nationalist leader Malcolm X has replaced Richard Gibson, the American Negro who ran the now defunct Fair Play for Cuba Committee, as the new favorite of the Red Chinese. The Peiping-financed Swiss monthly Revolution which carried many Gibson articles, now repudiates them and is running a piece on Malcolm X instead. The reason Gibson dumped was unknown. Pro-Castro sources claim he was really working for the CIA.

#####

To J. E. Hoover

Best regards,

[REDACTED]

b7C

b7C

[REDACTED] jc

b7C

81 [REDACTED]

FBI

Date: 9/29/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL

(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-436351)
 FROM: SAC, MIAMI (105-8554) (P)
 RE: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
 Malcolm X IS - NOI
 (OO: NEW YORK)

b7D
 [REDACTED] received information that subject was coming to Miami in about two weeks. [REDACTED] did not know why he was coming to Miami or how long he would stay. He said he would keep this office advised if he should obtain any further details.

b7D
 New York [REDACTED] attempt to determine if and when subject is coming to Miami and reason for this trip.

b7C
 3 - Bureau (RM)
 2 - New York (105-8999) (RM)
 1 - Miami
 JCM:ggr
 (6)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JEH/WEB/DD

E. G. Wick

REC-17

SEP 30 1964

OCT 21 1964

b7C
 SUB CONTROL

5 OCT 21 1964
 Approved: _____

Sent _____ M Per _____

Special Agent in Charge

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

DATE: 10/19/64

SAC, NEW YORK (105-8999)

SUBJECT:

**MALCOLM K. LITTLE
IS-MMI**

ReNYairtel dated 9/29/64, captioned "MUSLIM MOSQUE INC., IS-MMI"; and NY letter and letterhead memorandum captioned as above dated 10/5/64.

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau are 9 copies of a letterhead memorandum re captioned matter.

Information was furnished [REDACTED]

The letterhead memorandum is being classified "Confidential" to protect the identity [REDACTED]

DECLASSIFIED BY 3181
3/22/76. JDP:139

[REDACTED] notified of
declassification via M/S 3/22/76
JDP:139

**ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED**

DATE 12/16/83 BY 9269 JHE/WEB/20

REC-15

ST-100

100-399321-167

OCT 20 1964

- 1 - Bureau (Encls. 9) (RM)
- (1-100-441765) (MMI)
- 1 - Philadelphia (100-) (Encl.1) (RM)
- 1 - New York

69 OCT 29 1964

UNREC COPY AND COPY OF ENCL FILED IN



In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

New York, New York

October 19, 1964

Malcolm K. Little

Internal Security - Muslim Mosque Incorporated

b7C

b7C

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

DECLASSIFIED BY
3101 ON 3/22/76.
JDP:19

GROUP I
Excluded from automatic
downgrading and
declassification

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

ENCLOSURE 100-399321-167

FBI

Date: 10/23/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)Via AIRTEL AIR MAIL (REGISTERED)
(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)
 FROM: SAC, LOS ANGELES (105-5591)(RUC)
 RE: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
 IS - MMI

OO: New York

Re Los Angeles airtel, dated 10/1/64.

No information received that LITTLE appeared in
 Los Angeles to participate in the debates [REDACTED]

- 3 - Bureau (REGISTERED)
 1 - Chicago (100-33593) (Info) (REGISTERED)
 2 - New York (105-8999) (REGISTERED)
 1 - San Diego (Info) (REGISTERED)
 1 - San Francisco (Info) (REGISTERED)
 2 - Los Angeles
 (1 - 100-65527) (MMI)

LHE:jab
 (10)

ST-112

REC-57 100-399321-168

OCT 26 1964

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/14/83 BY 3269 JHE/REA/dl

Approved: 46

Sent

M

Special Agent in Charge

64 OCT 29 1964

SUBV CONTROL
 [REDACTED] b7c

FBI

Date: 10/21/64

Transmit the following in _____ (Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL AIR MAIL
(Priority)

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)

FROM : SAC, SAN FRANCISCO (100-43914)(C)

SUBJECT: MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka
IS - MMI

00: New York

Re Los Angeles airtel to Bureau dated 10/1/64.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/15/2018 BY 26637/26637

3 - Bureau (RM)
2 - Los Angeles (105-5591)(RM)
2 - New York (105-8999)(RM)
2 - San Diego (RM)
6 - San Francisco

(1 -
(1 -
(1 -
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EX-114

21 OCT 23 1964

SUB CONTROL

Approved: **OCT 29 1964**
Special Agent in Charge

Sent _____ M Per _____

CC: Wick

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXXFEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET4

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_____ Page(s) referred for consultation to the following government agency(ies); _____ as the information originated with them. You will be advised of availability upon return of the material to the FBI.

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☐ For your information: _____

☒ The following number is to be used for reference regarding these pages:

100-399321-170 and Not Recorded

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 X DELETED PAGE(S) X
 X NO DUPLICATION FEE X
 X FOR THIS PAGE X
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF LAW

ALBANY, N. Y. 12224

Telephone: GR4-7194

October 16, 1964

Mr. Tolson ✓
Mr. Belmont ✓
Mr. Mohr ✓
Mr. DeLoach ✓
Mr. Casper ✓
Mr. Callahan ✓
Mr. Conrad ✓
Mr. Evans ✓
Mr. Gale ✓
Mr. Rosen ✓
Mr. Sullivan ✓
Mr. Tavel ✓
Mr. Trotter ✓
Mr. Tele. Room ✓
Miss Holmes ✓
Miss Gandy ✓

LOUIS J. KOWITZ
ATTORNEY GENERAL

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12/10/80 BY 8229 JHE/bac

Hon. J. Walter Yeagley
Assistant Attorney General
Internal Security Division
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

Re: Civil rights cases pending in New York State

Dear Mr. Yeagley:

I would like to obtain Malcolm X. Little, the former Black Muslim minister, as a witness in cases which will go to trial in New York State commencing November 16 in a little town called Warsaw in Wyoming County. The cases are being transferred to Warsaw from Buffalo, Erie County, in order that the security would be easier should violence occur from the incitement of the trial.

I am writing to you to ask if you could use your contacts in United States government for the purpose of having someone in our government locate and interview Malcolm X. Little in Cairo, Egypt, where, I am informed, he is presently sojourning for the purpose of determining whether he would be willing to appear as a witness for the State of New York in the forthcoming trials. I suppose it would depend on whether he intends to return home prior to November 16 and if he does not intend to return home I would like to find out if he would be willing to return home if the State would be willing to pay his transportation expenses from Egypt to Warsaw, New York.

58 NOV 3 1964

18 OCT 21 1964

file 100-399321

Hon. J. Walter Yeagley

2.

I do not at present have authority to guarantee his expenses but if he would be willing to appear as a witness, I would ask for such authority and I feel certain that such authority would be granted.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Hon. J. Edgar Hoover in order to keep him informed about what we are doing in these particular cases.

There appears to be no doubt in my mind that this particular sect is advocating criminal anarchy and I so allege in the State's answers. It is my understanding that Malcolm X. Little has defected and I would like him as a witness to explain the reason for his defection.

Your help in this matter will be greatly appreciated as New York State does not have the facilities to reach to Cairo, Egypt, such as are available to our Federal Government.

With kindest personal regards and best wishes,
I am,

Very truly yours,

LOUIS J. LEFKOWITZ
Attorney General

By -

WILLIAM D. BRESINHAN
Assistant Attorney General

cc: Hon. J. Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

WDB:ljr

FBI

Date: 10/28/64

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plain text or code)

Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority or Method of Mailing)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-399321)
FROM: SAC, SAN DIEGO (105-1662) (C)
MALCOLM K. LITTLE, aka.
IS - MMI
(OO: New York)

Re Los Angeles airtel to Bureau dated 10/1/64

The following advised they had received no
information

- ③ - Bureau (REGISTERED)
- 2 - Los Angeles (105-5591) (REGISTERED)
- 2 - New York (105-8999) (REGISTERED)
- 2 - San Francisco (100-43914) (REGISTERED)
- 2 - San Diego
- (1 - 100-13205, MUSLIM MOSQUES INCORPORATED)

def

(11)

REC 30 100-399321-172

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 12/15/83 BY 8269 JHE/ucb/Rq

61 NOV 1964
Approved: _____
Special Agent in Charge

Sent _____ M Per _____

30530

October 27 1964

William D. Bresinhan, Esquire
Assistant Attorney General
State of New York
Albany, New York 12224

Dear Mr. Bresinhan:

This is in reply to your letter of October 16, 1964 concerning the whereabouts and possible availability of Malcolm X. Little.

The best we can determine is that he is traveling in Africa. As of October 6, 1964 he was reported in Nairobi, Kenya and had planned to be in Tanganyika on October 13. He would then go to Uganda and return to Tanganyika. He further planned visits to Guinea, Mali and Senegal before returning to New York, but the dates of such proposed visits are not known. He stated he would return to the United States after the November 3, 1964 elections and our information is that he is planning to return to New York on November 15.

Although Malcolm X was removed from his position of second-in-command of the Nation of Islam by Elijah Muhammad after making intemperate remarks following the assassination of President Kennedy, we doubt he has defected from the beliefs of the Muslims or that there is any great ideological separation.

I am not familiar with the exact nature of your cases in New York but I would be surprised if Malcolm X would be of any value to you as a witness if he were called.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

Hon. J. Edgar Hoover
Director, FBI.

J. WALTER YEAGLEY
Assistant Attorney General

65 OCT 28 1964

Int. Sec. Section

EXP. PROC.

35

REC 14/100-394321-173

16 OCT 29 1964

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

DIRECTOR, FBI (100-40-34)

10/29/64

SAC, NEW YORK (105-1329) (P*)

CHINESE COMMUNIST ACTIVITIES - NEW YORK
IS-CH

ReBulet to NY dated 10/23/64.

61
63

[REDACTED] (c)

For the information of the Bureau, 23-11 97th Street, East Elmhurst is a single family house, rented by the Nation of Islam to MALCOLM X LITTLE. His lease expires 1/31/65. LITTLE attended a party at the Chinese Embassy in Ghana in May 1964. Since July of this year he has been travelling in Africa and is expected to visit Ghana again. LITTLE, formerly a leader in the NOI, now claims to be merely a religious leader. He heads the Muslim Mosque, Inc. and the Organization of Afro-American Unity. LITTLE's wife is currently staying at the East Elmhurst address.

No further action is being taken by the NYC and this file is being retained in a pending inactive status.

2-Bureau (100-40-34) (RM)
1-New York (105-8999) (MALCOLM X)
1-New York (105-1329)

12/15/83
Classified by 2269 JHE/WEB/20
Declassify on: OADR

62
EG
(4)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE.

100-399321-
NOT RECORDED
102 NOV 5 1964

73
CONFIDENTIAL

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOIPA DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET

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- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party with no reference to you or the subject of your request.
- ☐ Information pertained only to a third party. Your name is listed in the title only.
- ☒ Document(s) originating with _____ *appropriate agencies*, was/were forwarded to them for direct response to you.

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